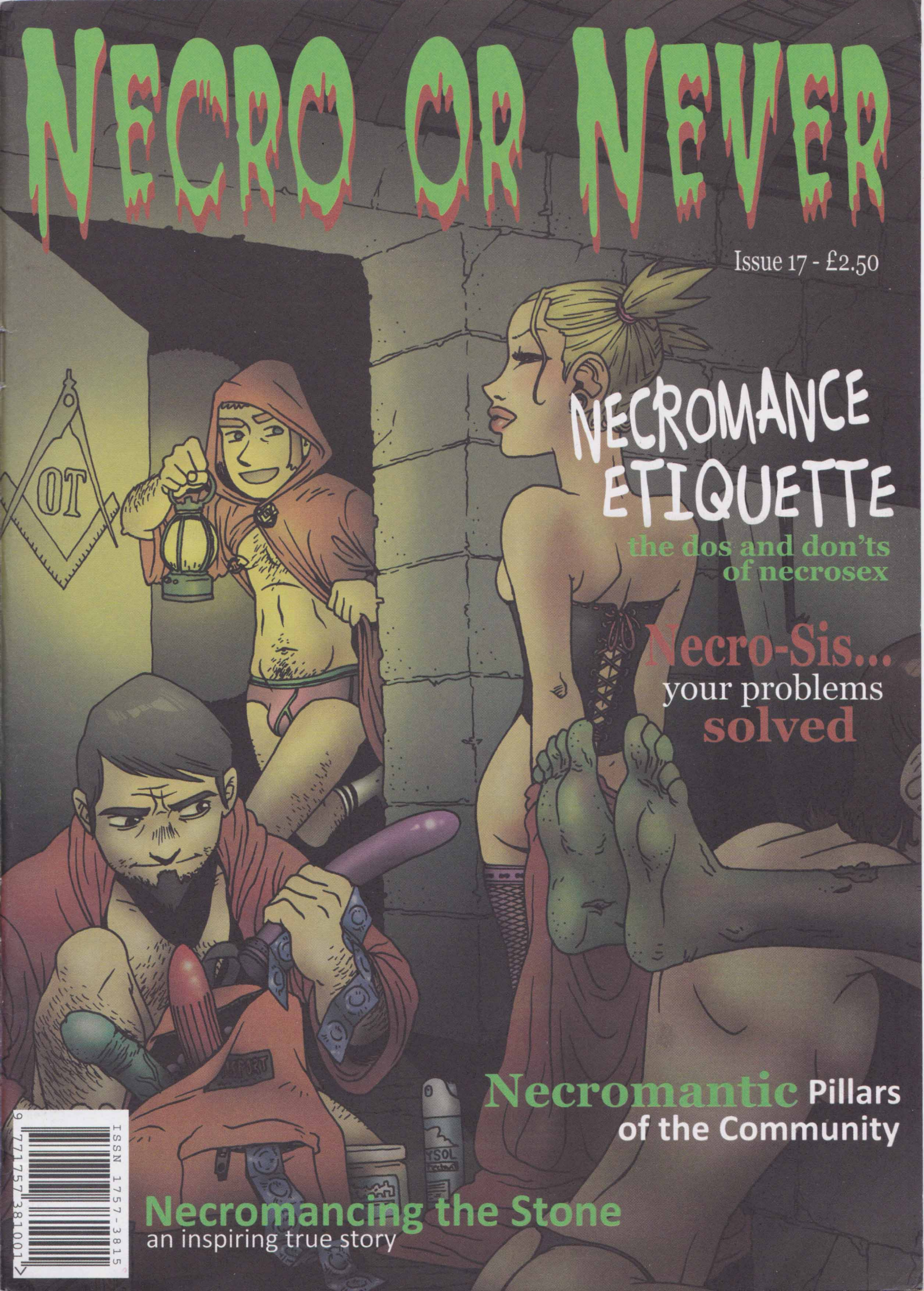
NECRO OR NEVER

Issue 17 - £2.50



NECROMANCE ETIQUETTE
the dos and don'ts of necrosex

Necro-Sis...
your problems solved

Necromantic Pillars of the Community

Necromancing the Stone
an inspiring true story

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Necromantic Pillars of the Community

Consensual necromance has no valid moral opposition. When people try and argue against it they fail to find an argument that would not similarly work against consensual sex between the living. Yet why is it so taboo? Modern embalming techniques could allow a lifetime of happiness to necromantics, if unfettered by a need for secrecy.

Yet the secrecy required for true necromance means that only the necrobates get the exposure, rather than the thousands of ordinary, decent, hard-working, decent, good, decent Britons that maintain necromantic relationships. To be a necromantic does not necessitate murder, rape or anything else.

F. of Doncaster is one such Briton. He runs a homeless hostel and cat sanctuary from his modest terraced house. All this while holding down a full time job caring for sad chickens. I talked to him after church, which he attends religiously. He said, "If I'm honest with you, I'm not sure I'd be able to have a relationship with a living person, I just don't have time, what with all the good I'm doing. Betty, aside from a bit of patching up here and there, is about as low maintenance as you can get."

G. of Bath is another. She singlehandedly ended famine in the small republic of Chaff by selling all her clothes and makeup. "Edward has stood by me through all my efforts. Would a living partner have tolerated my face without makeup? Or my unflattering clothes scavenged from bins?"

Y. from a Northern organic smallholding is grateful for the help her dead partner Edgar affords. "He's the only scarecrow that's worked out here," she said grimly.

Finally, A., a policeman from Hull: "Sheila has been a rock. I think our relationship has grown since her death. She's dropped a lot of her feminist views, we don't row so much. I keep her in the kitchen now."

Yet decent Britons like these must live permanently looking over their shoulder. Fearful for their livelihoods, their reputations and that their loved ones will be taken away and actually set on fire.

What would happen to Britain if these pillars were removed? Anarchy! That's what. Armies of rampaging cats, clawing everything in their path. The collapse of the agricultural sector. Anxious chickens, wandering the streets. Policemen having nervous breakdowns rolling around in their own filth rather than keeping us safe.

That's not a Britain I'd like to live in. Would you? (Like to live in a Britain like that?)

Reprinted from a leaflet by The Necrophiliac Nationalists Association, with permission

Cover Illustration:
Zack Gardner. zackgardner.com

Reader's Letters

About NECRO OR NEVER

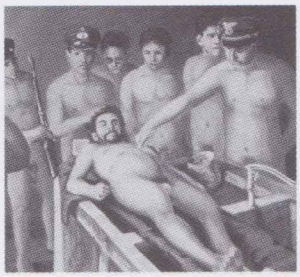
NECRO OR NEVER is funded by the Ordus Thanatophilum, Europe's longest running necrophilic organisation. In the past we have been called "The Freemasons of Necrophilia" and that is an apt title. Our organisation is necessarily secretive. We have rituals. We have cool weird mystical beliefs. We like to P A R T Y !

We hope you enjoy NECRO OR NEVER

You want to get involved? Then get active! Get necromantic! Don't contact us. We'll contact you.

Front Groups

JUST A WARNING to fellow necromantics. You may have come across a new publication called 'Necrosocialism'. It is a glossy publication promising a world free for necromantics alongside global justice, equality and environmental stewardship. It is produced by the Socialist Workers Party. Ultimately they're not interested in our struggle, only in recruiting for their limp-wristed organisation.



Cheers,
Dave

Duly noted.

A Prisoner Writes

I LIKE THE body of christ, the communion wafer. i converted here in prison. i go to the prison chapel for every service and quaff it down. it's the closest i'll get to having a dead man inside me seeing as it looks like i'll be in here for life. i think the thing i have learned is that you shouldn't end up in prison for life because it really puts an end to your necrosex life.

shelley

A moving story. Thanks for sharing.

A Victim of His Own Success

IT STRIKES ME that the problem with necromance is that no one will stand up and say what needs to be said. We need to stop skulking around graveyards and be openly necromantic. I for one have been wheeling my wife (deceased of course!) around Preston and kissing her in public. However I think perhaps the embalming job I did was too effective, because no one seems to notice. I took the wife with me to a charity gala and Ant and Dec kissed her on the cheek without comment. I like to think that they are supporters of the necromantic cause. That said I am hoping that she will rot more soon so that I can be out and proud in a more obvious manner.

Sincerely,
Jacob "Cabbage" Patches

As Goethe said: "Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it..."

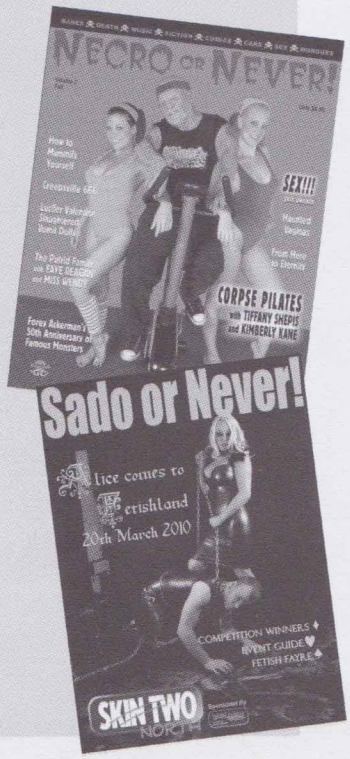
Star Letter

Thanks

I USED TO feel like a degenerate freak for my necromantic activities. Because of the guilt, I used to flagellate my bare back in the street. And then I felt guilty about the flagellation. Two great publications came to my aid: NECRO OR NEVER and Sado or Never! Now I can enjoy flagellation on its own merits, as well as live out my necromantic dreams with Bernard.

Dermot

I hope that's not a Saint Bernard! Good for you Dermot. It's nice to be appreciated. We often don't feel appreciated. Sometimes we feel pretty sad inside ourselves. Thank you Dermot. Thank you.



NECROMANCE ETIQUETTE

The essence of modern necromance is consent. Without it we are nothing but the necrobates that give us a bad name.

Unless you're lucky enough to know someone on the necro scene already, it's a hard world to enter. And for good reason! While the Ordus Thanatophilum (OT) has powerful members and can pull some mighty strings, it is not yet so powerful that it can keep you out of trouble if you are unsubtle about your business.

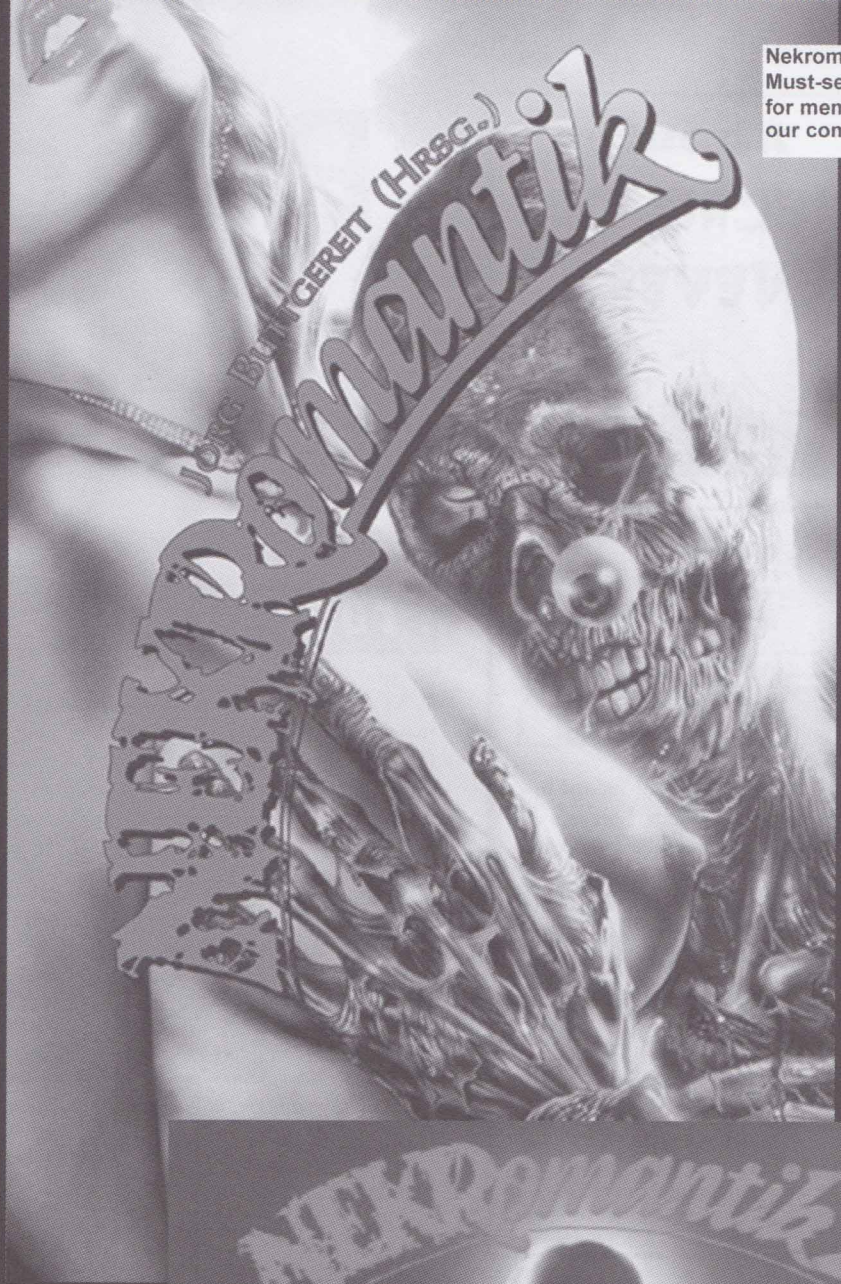
Your best bet is to pursue conventional relationships and test the water. A good gateway is horror films. Casually raise the subject of necrosexuality. If they express disgust it doesn't necessarily mean they are not necrosexual, they may just be protecting themselves. Though if their attitude doesn't soften on repeated attempts then you may as well call it a day on that relationship and move on.

It's worth persevering because once you find one necromantic, chances are they will have had other necromantic lovers. Sure, the scene is in some ways incestuous like that, but most scenes are. If you're biding your time until one of you dies you may as well be sleeping with someone experienced!

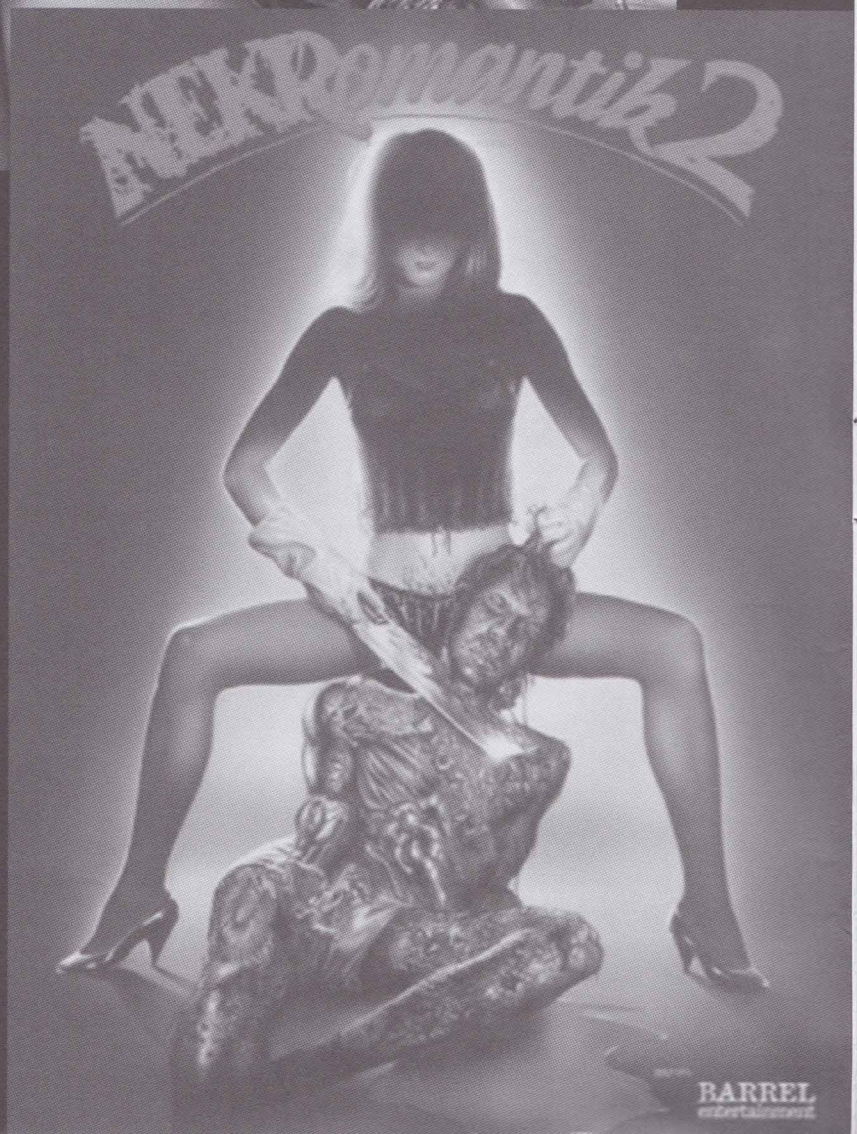
Once your romance has become serious, that's the time to make necromantic vows. These are personal and are to suit you both. Some people write these vows down and leave them with solicitors in the hope they will aid their legal defence if the OT can't get them out of trouble. Some don't. Your choice.

It's important to not let the obsession with the inevitable necrosex overshadow your life as it is lived. For this reason it is quite common for people to make their vows as necrosexual collectives to ensure they get some necrosex in a shorter period of time. However this can get icky! Vows similar to traditional marriage vows are still the majority option, but hybrids of the two are increasing in popularity.

Once your vows are made, it is merely a matter of not living too long and of course, prospering! Good luck!



Nekromantik 1&2: Must-see movies for members of our community



NECRO-SIS

Agony Aunt

Dear Necro-Sis,
I feel very bad. My boyfriend has been dead now for two years and everything seemed to be going very well. But lately I've been getting very annoyed by his decomposition making a mess around my flat. I've started hitting him. I feel awful. Even as I write this letter, I'm punching him full on in the face... Seems like all I do at home these days is hit him. My arms are so tired. I think maybe work stress is the cause, but I know it's not right for me to take it out on him. I'm worried that if I keep up like this there won't be any of him left for me to love. I don't know where to turn!

Anon

Dear Anon,
This is a worryingly common phenomena. It sounds like you have an anger problem. Could you not punch a pillow with a picture of his face on instead? xx

---

Dear Necro-Sis,
I've been keeping my wife in my walk in fridge now for six months since her death. She's preserved very well, but... I just don't fancy her any more. We kind of rushed into our necromantic vows. I didn't expect her to be trampled by fatties in the reduced bakery section so soon. I thought maybe we would split up before she died. I feel like I've been going through the motions these last few months. Maybe I'm not necrosexual? I've started to feel attracted to living women. There's a cute girl who works at the local gravel merchant who flirts with me. What should I do?

Tony

Dear Tony,
Oh dear! You've answered your own question, really. Perhaps move her out of the fridge? Sex can get stale if you don't mix it up a bit... Failing that get her back in the ground and get down to the gravel merchant! As to whether you're necrosexual or not, maybe your wife wasn't the right one for you. Big whoop, we're only human. xx

---

Dear Necro-Sis,
I was walking to work one day and a man suddenly died of a heart attack in the street next to me. I rushed to his aid and as he convulsed he touched my breast. Since then I have been very aroused and want to take it a step further and be touched by an already dead man. I am finding it very hard to find dead people. It's soooooo frustrating that they all get put in the ground so quickly. I have been thinking about killing people, but I've been told this is wrong. And I don't want to go to jail :(What is a girl to do?

Cynthia S, 19

Dearest Cynthia,
This is the quandary that almost all young necromantics find themselves in. Non-consensual killing is wrong. Reaching out to like minded people is your only hope. Or a job in a hospital or morgue. Despite the harder entry requirements, consider entering education and becoming a medic. There are more necromantics than morgue jobs out there. I wish it was easier sweetie xx

---

Dear Necro-Sis
I feel awful. My girlfriend Chantelle died trying to eat a massive ham sandwich. We had made our necromantic promise. So, under cover of night, I snuck to the graveyard with a spade, a bouquet of carnations and a snickers bar (her favourite). I dug her up, and we made love beneath the stars. It was beautiful, yet, somehow different. I put her back, complete with her snickers and carnations. I carried on as normal and over time made some necro friends. One evening, we were watching Survival Of The Dead (don't bother, it's awful), and one of them told a story. His story sounded so similar to mine, except one confusing detail. He'd dug up his girlfriend, and in with the body was a snickers bar and some carnations... I'd cheated on Chantelle and had non-consensual sex with his girlfriend! I was mortified, but had to keep my secret. He then joked, "Harriet was a free lover, I mean, she said she wouldn't mind who slept with her when she was dead. But I never realised she'd set it up!" He shook his head whistfully, took a swig of beer. "Cheeky girl!" he said. I feel awful, Chantelle had rotted in the ground unloved, while I slept with another dead woman...

Yours,
Nick

Dear Nick,
You plonker! Haven't you heard of a torch? Think yourself lucky you aren't an accidental rapist! xx

Got a problem?
Necro-Sis can help.
Please write to the usual address.
There's a free severed finger for every letter.

GOOD OLD ARCHIE!

You wouldn't want to be caught dead with a necrophiliac? Then don't hang out with Old Archie, you'll DIE laughing, and fall in love with him at the same time and consent to his making love with your corpse in accord with the proper OT principles! He is such a cad! Such a comic!

What's that Punch? You've killed Judy and you're going to let me have a go. That's the way to do it - arf arf!

Hello necrofriends! It's me! Good Old Archie, your friendly necrosex uncle, covering the lighter side of necromance. I like a good joke! And I know how to tell them too.

I'm into necrophilia, bestiality and sadism.

Am I just flogging a dead horse?! Arf arf indeed. I mean really, what kind of sicko would want to fuck an animal? Don't tell me you young necromantics haven't been practicing on the Christmas Turkey eh? eh? Am I wrong? It's not right. But I'm not wrong. You are!

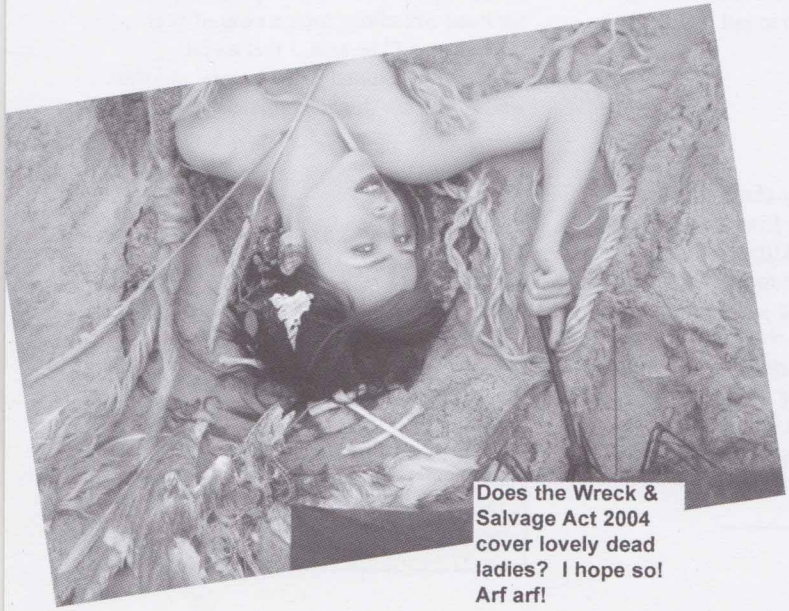
Oh how they used to laugh on the circuit.

I remember, I was sharing an after gig cold one with the Chuckle Brothers. They are even funnier in person than on the television! And they made me laugh so hard I couldn't keep my erection! Oh those times.

But it's hard times for old Archie. After Jim Davidson turned his back on the necro-comix (as our cadre used to be known.) I've struggled to find even an opening spot. I'm still just as hilarious as I was before.

Now I hear he has his own corpse harem in Dubai. But does he invite old uncle Archie over? Ungrateful shit! I made him what he is. At the time I hadn't realised I'd made him in my colon.

Archie out! See you next time, tuh-rah!



Does the Wreck & Salvage Act 2004 cover lovely dead ladies? I hope so! Arf arf!

Howard Dawber, 38, from Bexleyheath, London

Necromancing the Stone

- An inspiring true story -

I I am pleased to share a story of necromance with readers. Thirty years ago, while reading poetry in a graveyard I met a like minded soul hugging a gravestone. We romanced, dated, married. But it wasn't until we'd been together for twelve years that I dared ask the "N Question".

I had been carrying the set of black jade rings with me for several months before I got up the courage. In the meantime I had been testing the water. Whenever we watched horror movies together and there was a corpse lying around, I would nuzzle her and say "mmmmm sexy corpse!" She always nuzzled back.

We were at the meat counter in Tesco. We liked it there and would often spend time walking past it, stroking the glass around all that sexy dead meat. She turned to me with an excited look in her eye. Before I knew it I was kneeling in front of her, black ring offered up. She knew what it was. She placed it on her wedding finger. She took the other one and placed it on mine. And then she ordered ten slices of my favourite gammon ham. "Because it's the colour of your buttocks," she said as she looked dreamily into my eyes.

It was then a waiting game. We were both as excited about the oncoming necrosex as each other. At this point we were both in our late thirties. We were both fit as a fiddle. Never a health problem beside her gammy eye. So we tried to switch to careers that would help the onset of our deaths. I switched from my computer programming job to becoming a North Atlantic crab fisherman, until I realised there would be no point in me being dead if I was floating in the ocean. So I became a pie taster. I rapidly gained weight but the thought of my accelerating death excited her more and more. She switched from being an academic to an industrial hubcap.

We both took up smoking, heavy vodka consumption and speaking in Russian accents. It was then that we learnt of the life shortening merits of crystal meth. While finding it at first proved a challenge, it was worth it. I rapidly lost the weight I had put on, but the empty skin stayed put in big flaps. We often joked that I would get a fold snagged on the banister and fall down the stairs. However they were so expansive, they may well have worked like wings.

DIY being such a dangerous practice we took it up with gusto, aiming to make the house as dangerous as possible. It would be such a convenient place to die for our purposes, after all.

We put in stone, self-greasing stairs. In fact anything that could be made of stone we made and anything precarious we embraced; The pinnacle of this being 'Balancey' our bookcase made of badly fitting lumps of cast iron that we had in the bedroom.

In the end it was a humble peanut, casually thrown back while rewatching Twilight. She choked. I tried to save her. However we had both vowed to not take any kind of first aid training and I really didn't know what to do. I tried tickling her knees, surprising her, making Lemsip, but to no avail. As she choked and coughed, I could see a look of happiness in her eyes. She knew what was going to happen, and I think as she lay there, tranquilly writhing, she was truly happy.

After the burial, life was empty. We had opted against cremation, because at least then the option was still there. I found it poetic that she was buried so near the spot where we had first met.

With her gone, without the anticipation, I had to reinvent myself. My life was again a blank slate apart from my fleshy ex-fatman cape and meth addiction. I contemplated suicide, but I felt that I had already pushed the limits of my Catholicism with all the meth use.

So I have rededicated my life to politics. I joined the Labour Party and am swiftly rising through the ranks. I hope one day to legalise necromance and bring it out into the open. Oh what a glorious day that will be!

£200 Paid for your true story

Please send to the usual address

Tales From The Cutting Room - An Exercise in Psychological Warfare, Satire, Psychogeography, Political Intrigue and the Opposite of Mind Control

by Paul Knight

£TBC Forbidden Books

I read an unfinished draft of this book and was left eagerly awaiting the finished version and some sort of resolution to the wandering themes that weave their way through the narrative, just saving it from being a stream of consciousness.

At first, I found the sub-title a little bewildering - the kind of subtitle I hope will make sense as the book proceeds, or that no-one asks me to explain; I thought it made sense, but might have trouble putting it in my own words. The opening paragraphs, set me up for a bit of psychogeography, which I like and I hope that author comes back to this at the end of the book. In case you are wondering, psychogeography was a term coined by old anarchist ranter Guy Debord (he of society of the spectacle fame), who wrote about the effects of environment on individuals - including things like how the ancient history of cities affects the present.

Paul Knight then embarks on a lengthy rant about why he is writing this book; this is an interesting bit of back-story that would have worked equally well later on in the book, but certainly sets the reader up with some nice lines that engender sympathy and a sense of belonging. The beginning of the book reads much like a novel, giving a feeling that the lines between reality and fiction might be blurred a little. Maybe this is not so, but it makes for an intriguing read all the same and from the beginning Paul draws us into his wry view of the world and his refreshing, enjoyable style.

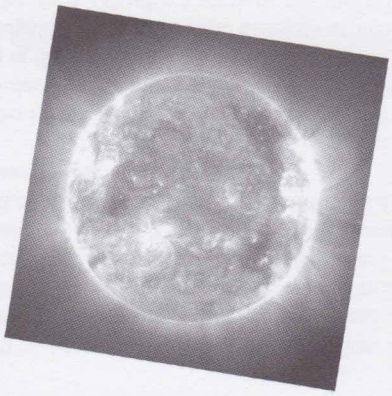
I must admit, I had to check out the facts on the headless dolphin found in Norwich - reads like fiction, but is, apparently, true. What comes after this passage is an interesting set of leaps to take in - fascists and President Obama, among other, seemingly unrelated topics. These wonderful leaps of thoughts did sometimes leave me wondering if Paul Knight is in fact one of those funny people I generally avoid at the Long Stratton bus stop.

From here on in, the book dips in and out of politics, with a thin thread of narrative that is always just present enough. Like all good satirists, he excels in stating both the obvious and the absurd and it is not necessary to agree with all his views to find them both relevant and amusing. Paul's thoughts on fascism, homophobia and war are interspersed with scripts, e-mails, book reviews and personal tales of both triumph and crushing embarrassment. Many times I laughed out loud and snippets like the Nick Griffin "lingo-bingo" will stay with me for a long time. Wish I'd thought of it.

Little is sacred in this book and it is with this in mind that I decided to let Mr Knight's throw away comments on gingers pass without much comment. Those of more boring hair colour must, after all, be allowed their moments of envy.

If you want a good laugh, with well informed politics and some rants you will agree with, then this will be a good book to read. And, Paul, in return for the nice review (and the lack of ginger revenge crime) I will tell you how the Norwich May Day got started..... GWEN STANLEY

The Sun



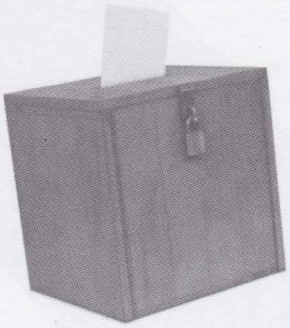
FOR FUCK'S SAKE you can't even look at it without going blind. It's a big boiling freakball in the sky and I want nothing to do with it. I've had people tell me it's the source of all life on this planet, but frankly I don't care. Have they ever touched it, held it, loved it? Well they'd only get burned...

Clearly the Sun is shit and I'd advise you to avoid it at all costs.

It's only getting a star because it is actually a star.

[1 star out of 5]

Elections

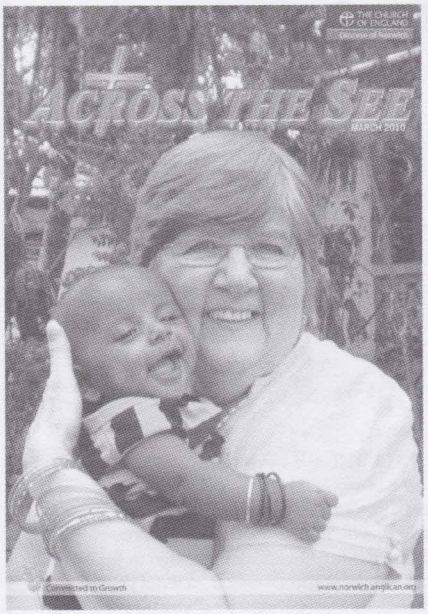


I FIRST STARTED having elections at about the age of eleven, I think. They were just annoying. I don't understand what the fuss is about the general election? So everyone gets an election - what's so great about that? The whole female population gets to point at the male population and laugh. Why all the television coverage? All the earnest discussion? I often feel like they're taking it all too seriously.

Grow up, basically. I wonder about the future of this country.

[0 stars out of 5]

Church Magazines



I PICKED UP **Tidings** free in a pub, not realising it was a church pamphlet, despite "I Love God" being slap bang in the middle of the simple cover. It is a fairly standard parish mag like you find in most churches. Flicking through it you can see that much effort has been put into being helpful to the local area: promoting free computer courses and allotments, trying to provide a playground for local kids and the mag itself is used for local ads. Amongst the useful stuff there are sections promoting sustainability, breaking free from commercialism and looking after your neighbours.

There are some funny bits: promoting homeopathy as 'totally safe' (well, that's because it doesn't work) but, I suppose, acceptable in a mag promoting belief in the unreal; in printing a letter complaining about a previous issue, the vicar justifies a 'forgiving God' making a child die to punish its father; most bizarrely of all: adverts for face lifts.

Across the See is a much glossier church mag, this time aimed at the whole county. Its main articles are about internal happenings, showing the church's links to Magistrates, Lord Lieutenants (see Now or Never! #5) and the Institute of Directors. Some articles refer to strange groups, ideas and words no one in real life knows or cares about (anyone know what Examen means?) but towards the back it becomes more practical: supporting transition towns, helping prisoners and refugees, standing up for sex workers, attempts to stop global warming and wars. A few tweaks and Tidings and Across the See could be mistaken for anarchist publications, except they are more useful. To cap it all, when I turned to the back of Across the See it was praising Tom Paine and the Rights of Man. Here endeth the lesson.

HARRY K

Excessive Force - A Comix Anthology Against the Police

Edited by Edd Baldry

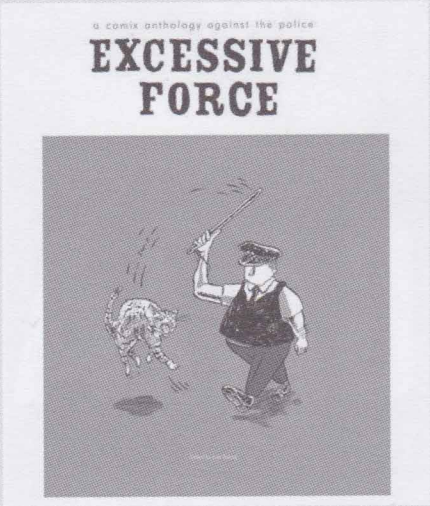
£7 Last Hours Press

Graphic novels or comic books are rarely taken seriously in regards to political or intellectual debate. It's as if the very feature of a line drawing, regardless of its artistic merits, relegates it to a simple distraction or a respite between heavyweight tomes. However, to address the escalating rise of police brutality worldwide as capitalism lurches from one crisis to another with a five hundred page written word only volume may leave the reader in a far more despondent state than before they began the book. A comic book attempt, both in the drawing and humorous sense, has the possibility of alleviating the gloom that the street protestor feels when reflecting on the massed ranks of dark uniforms protecting the indefensible institutions that make the decisions. Here behind the shields, visors and batons is the abuse of power and to take it on is an undertaking indeed, occasional little victories and very big defeats. So come on, before we one day do eventually win, grab yourself a copy of *Excessive Force* and despite the tragedy and anger also in there, let's have a good laugh at them.

Over a hundred and forty pages, containing eighteen strips from seventeen artists (Maha81 weighs in with two stories), from a single page tale to a couple running into the twenty/thirty mark, centrepiece here being Ken Dahl's *How to Steal the Food You Deserve* which segues into *How to Get Arrested.* Cartoon protagonist Gordon Smalls narrates on his failed shoplifting spree, subsequent arrest and judicial processing where the every nuance of time in the holding cells is meant to confuse, break and demoralise until obedient compliance is obtained. Even when Smalls is eventually back on the street his musing on the illusory nature of freedom as the whole city beyond the police station looks like a prison is a sobering conclusion.

Excessive Force has both the fictionalised tales and those of a factually historic basis.

Another lengthy tale, Editor Edd Baldry's *The G20, Ian Tomlinson and Bad Apples* takes the murder of the innocent paper seller and weaves around it the tactics of the British police force when faced with mass, mobilised protest. The kettling, the unprovoked charges and then the indiscriminate violence of baton on human being are all visually documented here as the police protect the establishment of the rich and powerful using their force to protect this notion of normality.



Police violence is documented wordlessly in Swede artist Mattias Elftorp's nine panelled piece. Helmeted automatons (not your fellow man surely?) move in, truncheons aloft and then striking down. Stark vignettes become splashed with white until focus is lost and fade to white. No humour there at all, unlike Steph McMillan's *Minimum Security* where a celebrity obsessed airhead is cajoled into going on an anti-war march. The wide eyed naiveté's questioning of authority leads him to suffer a cop attack, his innocence remains, even after rescue and despite all the arguments for protest and radical change, he's happy to sink back into his comfy chair and while away his life in front of a flat screen TV.

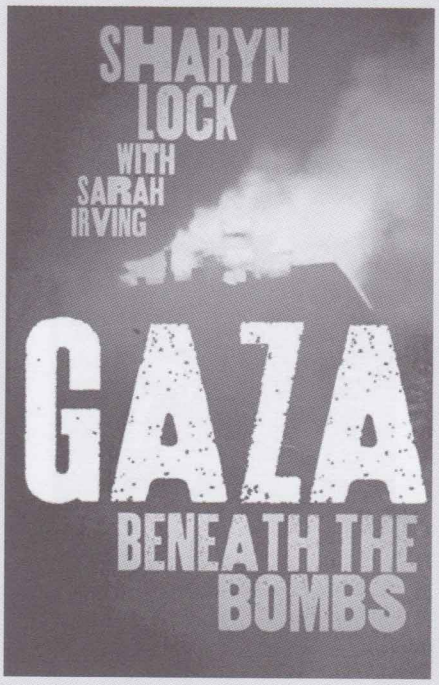
Not All Bastards Are Coppers (Paul Stapleton) shows that control and authority can turn up in the most unlikely of places. Stapleton's simply drawn, yet wonderfully expressive, moon face characters act out their story in the confines of a run-down squat. Readers of Now or Never! may recognise someone they know in there, but start to worry if you see yourself characterised in the strip.

The whole volume is bookended by an introduction and an essay on why we don't need the police written in a straight forward readable style that matches the main body of the work. The book closes with a chronology of UK police abuse, Emily Apple's reasons for forming Fitwatch and three pages of the biographies of the cartoon artists with links to some excellent websites. As a comic polemic this is excellent stuff, so should there be a space between your Bakunin and Chomsky, sully your bookcase with this one. ROB CROSS

Gaza, Beneath the Bombs

by Sharyn Lock, with Sarah Irving

£5.89 Pluto Press



I'll be honest with you. I didn't actually read much of this book. But before you call me a fraud for having written a review of it, I can tell you one thing for sure. It is very, very good.

So, how do these statements add up? Well, much of the book was originally published as a blog and read by many around the world as one of the very few independent and first hand accounts of the bombardment of the Gaza Strip by the Israeli Defence Force in January 2009. Sharyn Lock, with the help of Sarah Irving at Pluto Press, has now edited the blog into a highly readable book, endorsed by Richard Falk at the UN.

The book kicks off with some of Sharyn's previous visits to Palestine and the months leading up to the bombardment, when she was a part of the Breaking the Siege project. This (check out the website) succeeded in taking two boat loads of human rights activists into Gaza by sailing from Cyprus. The boats successfully broke through the Israeli blockade of Gaza - held at land and sea, making much needed links with the outside world.

After the sea voyage, Sharyn stayed on to volunteer as a medic in Gaza and the book gives some useful insights into everyday life for Palestinians trapped in the narrow strip of land. Then, on December 26th 2008, the bombardment of Gaza began - starting with random air strikes, and then escalating to a land invasion and use of chemical weapons in the form of phosphorous bombs. This is where Gaza, Beneath the Bombs, really gets going as a book: early chapters set a scene and introduce some of the key characters who re-appear again and again, but the daily accounts of the bombardment tell so many stories. Firstly, there is Sharyn's tale itself - a tale of working round the clock to support doctors and ambulance crews, as well as providing the unique view of a non-Palestinian working in Gaza. Then there are the many-layered stories of the people she meets, the families who provide unwavering hospitality, the children who give such joy and the ambulance crews who go on working under fire.

The book, as with the blog before it, raises many questions and gives the reader an insight into one of the most pressing human rights issues of our times - through a myriad of small, personal stories. The strength of the book is that it leaves the questions for the reader to work out for themselves, treating us as intelligent and capable of translating human stories into a call for human rights.

If I have one word of caution for readers, it is this - don't read this book if you are prone to tears or easily upset. Open any page at random and you are faced with stories of dead and dying children, of people watching family members dying in front of them, of farmers being shot at in the fields, or listening to their animals starve to death whilst gunman hold the family prisoners in their own home.

Despite all of this, the resilience and hopefulness of the Palestinian people shines through.

And I guess I should come clean about why I couldn't read the book; it is not just because it made me cry. Sharyn is a close friend of mine and during the bombardment I phoned her almost everyday., often hearing sniper fire and bombs dropping behind the crackly phone line. I heard many of the stories first hand and frankly, once was enough. But, if the book was rubbish, I would keep quiet; instead to anyone who wants an insight into the lives of people trapped in an impossible international situation, I would say "Read this book". GWEN STANLEY

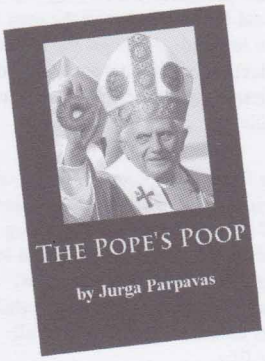
Nick Griffin's Empty Eye Socket

OF ALL THE eyesockets I've had the luck to enjoy I have to say Nick Griffin's is top of the bunch. I speak as a veteran of his eyesocket, I must have had sex with it more times than with my wife! At the price it is competitive compared to the other socketeers out there - only a hundred pounds a go. Though he does get stroppy if you take too long, but that for me adds to the fun.

Don't let his Holocaust denial and shady politics put you off. This is top socket action.

[5 stars out of 5]

The Pope's Poop



RECENTLY TRANSLATED FROM Lithuanian, this seminal novel of transgressive papal sex practices has been making waves in the putrid piss ocean of modern literature. And for good reason - it is a tour de faece.

The novel shows Miguel Saxon's attempt to follow the legendary "Brown Path" to papal power. Daringly, Jurga Parpavas also features the Pope and his Papal Proctologist as protagonists.

Without wanting to give too much away, this book is not for the scatalogically sensitive. Some critics have criticised the novel for its lack of realism - there isn't a single child sex reference in the entire novel. Perhaps the author's own Catholicism is the reason for this?

Pick this up before it gets banned!

[5 stars out of 5]

Deuteronomy

DEUTERONOMY REVISITS THE action already portrayed in Leviticus and Numbers, this time from the point of view of Moses. The concept is fine, it just doesn't work. It has none of the horror, madness or style of the previous books. The books of the Bible franchise seem to be progressively losing their dark amateur edge. It feels like yet another seventies horror film remade with more production and less grit.

It's possible the author is trying to present the horror of situations, like Moses promoting family murder, in a mundane way to create a clever contrast. Unfortunately, instead of unnerving you, it just bores, even God's threat to give the Israelis piles and make them eat their own children has no impact, it's like the author doesn't care.

The end of the book has an overlong poem, a hideous conceit. This is a pointless retelling of previous classics.

Joshua

THANKFULLY, JOSHUA IS a return to form. God has turned on Moses and left him dead on a hilltop so Joshua can take control and lead the Israelis into war. The characters of God and Joshua continue to blur as they urge the Israelis to attack their neighbours with magic and genocidal frenzy: butchering men, women and children; killing and crippling animals. People pleading for their lives are treated as a betrayal of the bloodlust and are enslaved. God/Joshua still enforces his terror over the Israelis: forcing them to cut off their foreskins before they fight; demanding gold and silver from the dead, burning Israelis that try to take any. Echoing Leviticus' style, its constant massacres begin to make its moral ambiguity seem normal, making you feel implicit, similar to reading the pulp fiction Gor series.

There is still some shoddy editing and the second half of Joshua is disappointing, it continues the trademark hypnotic lists, but without any hidden punch. Joshua feels like a near miss. HARRY K

After Makhno - Hidden Histories of Anarchism in the Ukraine

by Dubovik, V Anatoly & DL Rublyov

£3 Kate Sharpley Library

This is certainly a booklet that does what it says on the cover. There is a lot of rather densely packed information about Makhnovist activity after the major anarcho-Makhnovist insurgency in Ukraine, with gaps that can't be helped due to a lack of access to archive material. This booklet will be very interesting to someone who has a good grasp of Russian anarchist history, possibly helping explain some things, filling in a bit of background and so on. I have almost no knowledge of anarchist history and had never heard of Makhno (a Ukrainian anarchist active during the Russian Revolution pre-1922). This meant that as a stand alone booklet this was a little frustrating and slightly confusing.

There is little context or background given, either social or historical; focussing pretty much exclusively on facts about anarcho-Makhnovist activity after the Russian Revolution. Ideally I would like the booklets (if they exist) *Makhnovist Theory*, *During Makhno*, *The Origins of Makhno* and *An Overview of Ukrainian Anarchist History* to give me a reasonable context to the information in this booklet. My knowledge of Ukrainian geography is poor, so a map pinpointing all the places mentioned would also have helped.

The reproduction on the front cover of a Bolshevik anti-anarchist propaganda poster is great, and with the explanation of it in the back, it does add a bit of colour to the booklet a s a whole.

There is a nice accessible breakdown of the basic anarchist ideal at the beginning, but since the booklet is more appropriate for someone who is likely to understand that, it seems a bit superfluous, and slightly misled me into thinking that this booklet would be a useful introduction to anarchist history, which it certainly is not.

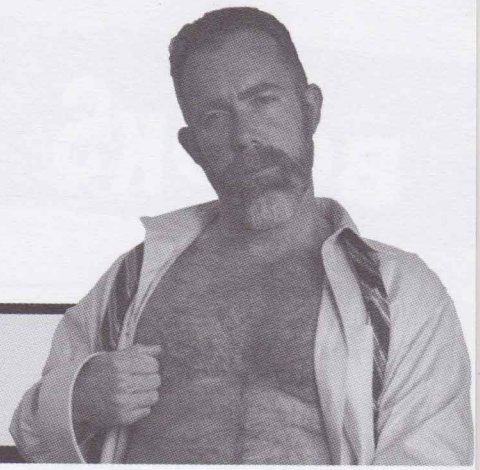
There is also a section at the back of the booklet about the Russian anarchist Varshavskig. Again, as an essay exclusively about the activities of Varshavskig this was great. However, not much context (though a little more) and no map. Not such a big problem with this piece, still quite irritating for someone with no clear picture of where things are in Russia. With little connection to the main essay, was this the appropriate booklet to add it to?

If you already have a good grasp of Ukrainian and Russian anarchist history, and want to know more, this will be an interesting read for you. Otherwise I suggest familiarising yourself with some regional anarchist history before digesting this. MATTIE THE MONGOOSE

Disclaimer: Apologies if this review is not particularly illuminating. I was given the booklet to review having said "I know nothing of Makhno", so blame the Editor.

Anarchy Aunt

With Hairy Jim



If you haven't already got a problem you soon will have...

Mike Reid Returns from the Grave

Dear Hairy Jim,
There's always some loser celebrity that has their career rejuvenated and they become cool again all of a sudden. Any predictions for the next candidate?

On an unrelated note, is it more racist to drink Bovril or Jack Daniel's?

Yours,
Hairy Bob

Dear Bob,
I am not a psychic. Obviously. Since, however, I am dedicated to my public I decided I would channel spirit on your behalf, in an attempt to look into the future. For you, dear Bob, I attempted to channel the apostle Michael, to give you a wise and holy insight. I ended up with Mike Reid. Not an ideal compromise, I know, but beggars can't be choosers, and from your beverage based question above I think we can safely assume that if you're not a beggar, you will be soon. Anyhow, here's the transcript of Mike's visitation:

"Hi, Mike Reid here, you might remember me from the telly, but I was also the Baron of Troup, so if I were you I'd pay some respect. I'm more than just the man that turned Pat Butcher lezzy, you know. Right then. Bob. Here's what I'm seeing. You're partial to a bit of a wild night out aren't you? Partial to a mini-bar Malibu and an all night bender with an all night bender who's being paid by the hour and doesn't say no. You like gentleman callers, that's what I'm seeing, the gay for pay, that's what I'm saying. What you're not going to like, however, is being busted by your wife in the Premier Inn on the M11 when you're tied up to the bed with an Amyl Nitrate soaked orange in your mouth and a 19 year old scouser you like to call Bambi defecating on your chest. Be careful what the missus does with her Wallis heel, that's all I'm saying. And don't shoot the messenger; I just say what I see.

"Oh, and as for celebrities, Olivia Newton John is planning a career comeback in the form of a sensationalist BBC3 documentary on her struggle to marry an entire principality, which she claims she loves like you love Brazilian schlong. It's going to be called *I Shag Landmass: Bolivia Newton John.* Dawn Porter is also refusing to die, and will be turning herself into a giant vagina for her 'investigative special' *Dawn Does Being a Massive Twat.*"

Hope that helps,
Jim.

Stop Being Poor

Dear Hairy Jim,
I'm struggling to pay my gas and electricity bills (roll on Summer!). I've tried not using the heating but my feet get so cold they actually hurt, so much I even cry. Stormfront are no help at all. Do you know of any other schemes, or any other possible help? I've also got arthritis.

Thanks,
Judy Richards

Dear Judy,
Have you tried not being a wretched, tiresome povo? Works a treat for me.

Love, really,
Jim

STAR LETTER

Ain't Nothing Like the Real Thing

Dear Hairy Jim,
I want to get into paedophilia but am worried about possible repercussions. I don't want to lose my wife, friends, go to prison, etc. Is there a way I can nonce on kids without it completely fucking up my life?

Cheers mate,
Tony Carter

Tony,
I had the same problem but with farming. I thought I wanted to be a farmer, but didn't want to ruin my life of effective riley by jacking it all in to plough fields etc. And then I discovered an application on the Internet's Facebook called Farmville. It allowed me the joys of farming, such as finding cats, harvesting too many potatoes, and needing a hand fixing up the barn, and gave me the added opportunity to annoy everyone I knew by trying to involve them in my virtual country capers. It was a dream, I thought at first: there I was, a virtual farmer, and a certified pest. I felt like John Bennet Ramsay must have felt the day his little daughter Jonbenet gave him that telling come-hither wink. However, like the events in the Ramsay house, things soon went too far: I realised that virtual farming is but a gateway activity, and one that was addictive to boot. I found myself wanting more and more farming experience, and wanting to be more and more annoying with it. Things first went awry when I started growing the odd bit of cress on cotton wool in an old eggshell and telling everyone I knew about it. Before long I was turning up in the middle of the night at friends houses to dump excess spuds on their doorsteps, offer my services in picking their inexplicable crop of white flowers, and murdering their pets in an attempt to rouse some kind of pet-finding rabble. In short, it not only stopped me realising my dreams of being an actual farmer, but made me alienate everyone I knew. Virtual farming for me was the worst of both worlds: it turned me into a ship without a rudder, a bird without a song, a kiddy fiddler without a Ford Mondeo and a pack of Fruit Pastilles.

I believe the Internet does offer some kind of alternative to noncing similar to Farmville, but if my experience is anything to go on, a synthesised version is more trouble than it's worth. You will end up ruining your life anyway, and won't even have any tiny scratch marks and mini-teeth imprints to show for it. So, in the words of infamous nonce and successful wheat farmer Marvin Gaye "There ain't nothing like the real thing." If I were you, I would have a big blast of Brut Aquatonic and march out there to nonce the nation, all guns blazing.

That's all,
Jim.

Any letters Hairy Jim deems fit will be rewarded with a home made glove puppet of Lucie Morris, Jasper Carrot or Victoria Wood.

Part 73: Misery Lit/Real Life Stories

There is a genre for every kind of book now, even sub-divisions of those genres, becoming more and more specific. Fantasy and Science Fiction for example are divided into a whole range of pigeon holes: Apocalyptic and Post-Apocalyptic; Cyberpunk; Space Opera; Time Travel; Put It Down And Get Yourself A Girlfriend... I once mused on creating an anarchist sub-division of detective fiction but despite the intricacies of the plot, blackmail, murder and several red herrings thrown in to the mix, it was always going to end with the sleuth turning to his faithful crusty sidekick and saying:
" I deduce that Lord Fondle-Arse was killed by the Maid with the cordless hedge trimmer in the Billiard Room, yet in the final analysis it is Society and the State which is to blame." Politically correct it may have been but it probably wouldn't have sold very well to be honest.

Real Life Stories is a genre that should, but doesn't, have these sub-divisions. I would have always thought that when browsing in a large bookstore that the shelves in front of me labelled 'Real Life Stories' would be straining under the weight of tales of derring-do: Climbing Everest with a Spoon, Uni-cycling up the Autobahn. But they're not this type of literature at all. The books that masquerade under the Real Life Story moniker are better known by the term 'Misery Lit', this should be the maxim for these books but in reality it isn't. In the interest of increased sales, WH Smith use the mentioned banner of 'Real Life Stories' whereas Waterstones, with a more erudite outlook, use 'Painful Lives'. Regardless of either the operative word 'Misery' is far more apt to both the book itself and the experience of reading it.

The books themselves are in the main a uniform white, both cover, back and spine. Young male and female faces stare out at you, lips pursed (there are no smiles here). The portrait's colouring is muted, as if the very lifeblood has been sucked from them. How can such an innocent face as this be abused? Well they can, and if you stump up seven pounds ninety nine, you'll read how in all its unsavoury detail. Along with the more memorable titles such as David Pelzer's Pulitzer nominated *A Child Called It*, there is a whole slew of descriptive adjectives: Scarred, Hidden, Cherished, usually written in a childish hand across the frontspiece, some push the boat out further: *Cry Silent Tears*, *Catch Me Before I Fall* and the sure-fire winner should there ever be an award for cynical mawkish heart-tugging title, *Daddy Please, No*.

> Maybe they're the new classics, Oliver Twist updated with sexual abuse and domestic violence

As The Smiths once pointed out, "Barbarism Begins At Home" and when you turn that first page and work through chapter one you are into territory such as: parents killed tragically whilst a baby, packed off to uncaring aunt and uncle, forced to live under the stairs, bullied by a spoilt overweight cousin, accepted into Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry... all forms of abuse here, from your standard mental and physical cruelty to some of the most inventive forms of torture that even the CIA would be proud of. It's a long slog through alcoholic parents, evil step brothers, predatory uncles and a litany of understaffed social services, powerless teachers and useless policemen, was it ever any different? However, unlike the recent Baby P case, redemption eventually comes and as we near the end the protagonist forgives, looks to the future and all's well that ends well.

What purpose do these books serve? Is it catharsis for people who've suffered similar upbringings? Or maybe they're the new classics, Oliver Twist updated with sexual abuse and domestic violence. Do people read them and say 'well my life ain't so bad after all' or conversely, is it voyeurism in a paperback for those of the righteously indignant and moral outrage brigade who still need their fix of cruel titillation, the sort who would attack any person or thing that began with the letters PAE...

Angry mob torch Spanish paella restaurant

The publishers know that after the runaway success of *A Child Called It*, that 'misery sells' and these things can be churned out whether true, embellished or just made up to a simple template. Whether you believe in supply or demand curves or the adage 'the public gets what the public wants' or even 'the public wants what the public gets', it is a sad indictment of the times we live in.

My own real life memoir: *No! Uncle Adolf. Not the Bunker Again!* will be published in the autumn of this year. ROB CROSS

RICK'S RANTS

Election Day Fun & Games

Well the time is on us again boys and girls. The time when the school bullies send their mates knocking on our doors to tell us how 'misunderstood they are' and how they really are 'decent family centred individuals striving to do good' type of old bollocks. Yes folks it's election time...

And with election time every nasty, warmongering, racketeering scum bag from every political party will be popping round so that we can give them our views and inform them what we think of them.

Now let's be fair, they HAVE bothered to come round so it's only right and proper that 'we gives a response'. The response of the private individual in society protecting their home and family from a degenerate criminal who has turned up on our doorstep and turned their attention on us!

To what end one decides to defend ones household depends on the length of prison stretch you wish to acquire but I often find that when they go to shake your hand, you should accept the greeting warmly, and make sure their hand somehow punches you in the face....

Now you have the law firmly on your side because you have been assaulted by an unwanted visitor, and within the limits of the law, you can go to town on their parliamentary arses and are guaranteed that these particular unwanted visitors will never 'pop round' again!

The 'vagrant parliamentary candidate et al' are thus sorted, so we can move on to Election Day itself safe in the knowledge we have 'done canvassin'.

I would imagine most of our readers are serial ballot dodgers but did you know that there are millions out there who also don't vote? Rather than all of us just treating Election Day as every other day, shouldn't we be celebrating our 'boycott of democratic process' by doing what we do best and agitating like fuck?

I say TELL THEM dammit!

Irrespective of the political parties they would normally support, a mass gathering outside our city or town halls of all people who are refusing to vote sounds like a jolly good day out...absolutely anything could potentially happen!

I mean really comrades, it's not like we have to do too much of the work for ourselves is it?

For instance what do all political parties seem to believe that gets a mutual 'fuck you' from the majority of the 'enlightened voter'?

Easy.

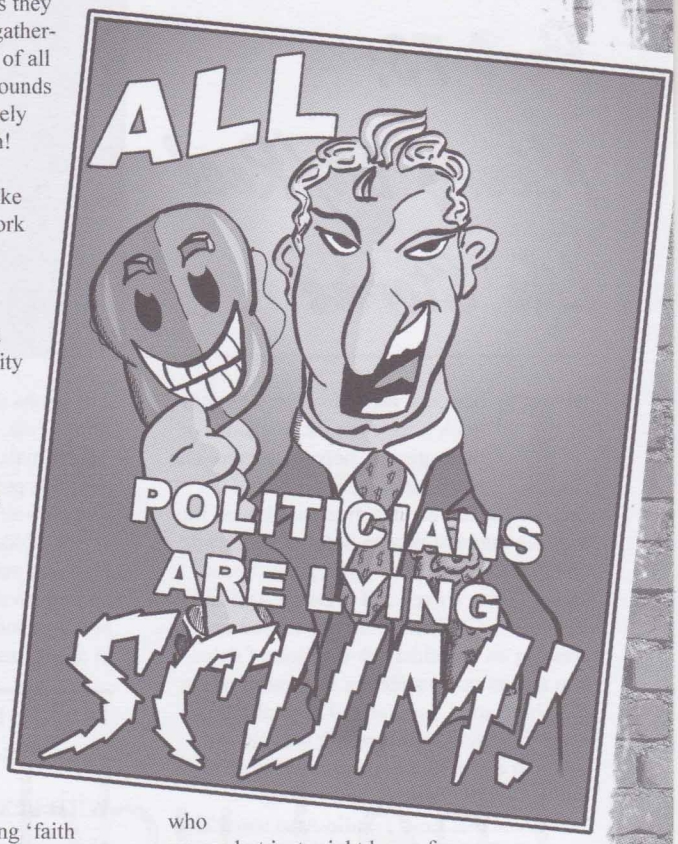
Our political parties believe MP's are somehow entitled to special treatment not granted to the rest of the UK's populace in terms of financial reward and benefit, believe in the bailing out of the banks and big business to the tune of billions of pounds of tax payers money, believe in recouping the cost of this lunacy by massively taxing us, believe in membership of the European Union, believe in funding 'faith schools' and poxy 'middle-class' hobby horse schools, believe in paying lip service to environmental issues, believe in the 'special relationship' with America and the continuation of wars in far off country's that none of us want.....

Above all, they believe that the majority of the electorate are thick and blind to their parliamentary games.

These are just some of the many 'pet hates' that we share with so many people 'out there' that we should easily be able to tap into 'tha feelin', if only we get our acts together and try and reach out.

Many of us shout 'Apathy, apathy' but much of the apathy is on our part not on the part of the people who don't realise we are there, we just need to make the moves out of our own self imposed ghetto. For God's sake, most folks aren't psychic!

Likewise there are today so many means of communicating with these weird 'normal' types who don't want to vote and don't know who we are but just might be up for an angry exchange of views outside our 'civic palaces'.



As well as the usual graffiti advertising the event it may help to hand out leaflets to everyone you meet, you know, the postman, the vicar, the pole dancer, whoever you might get in conversation with...

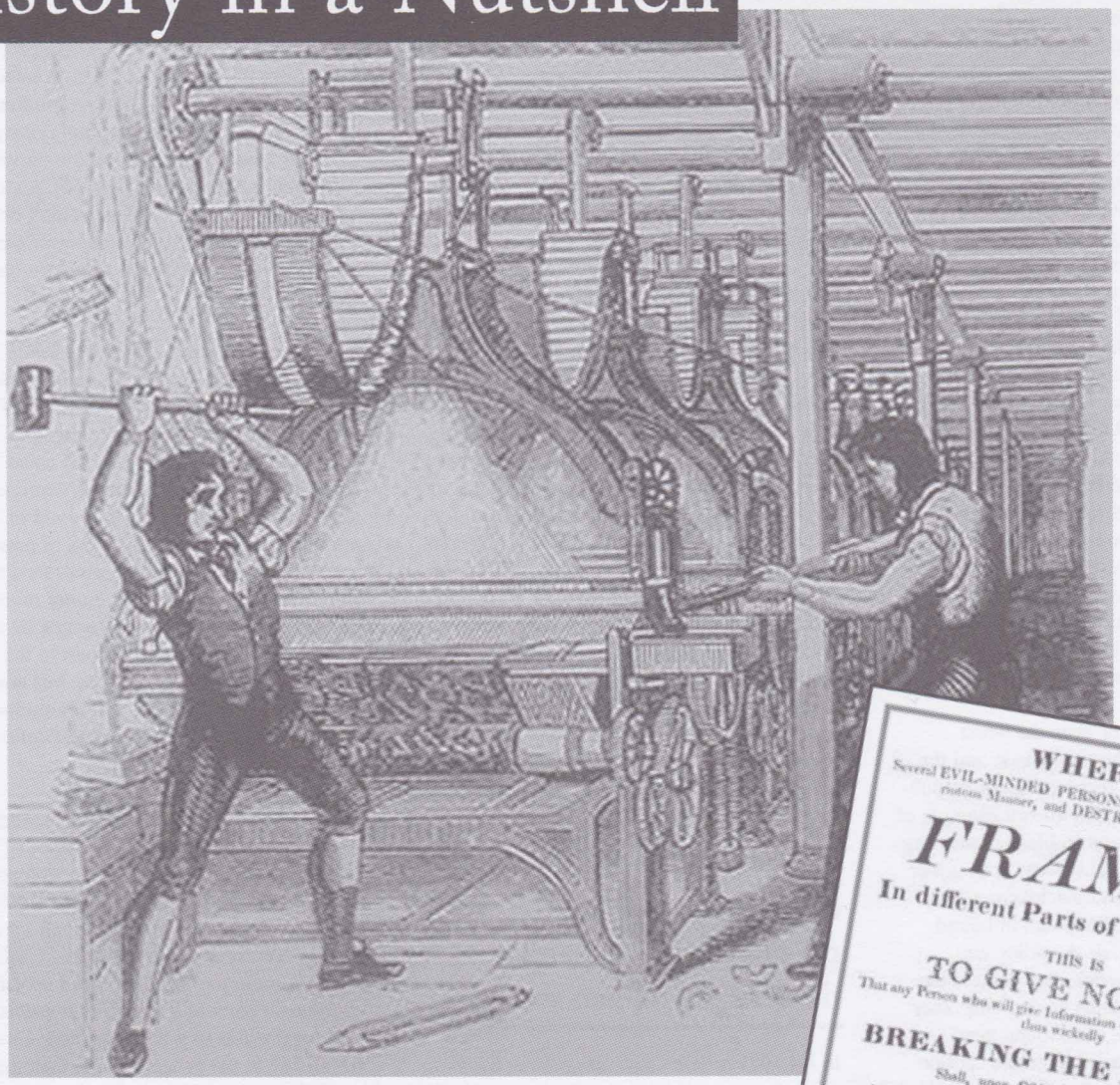
Leaflets on car windscreens in car parks means you won't get run over chasing traffic...

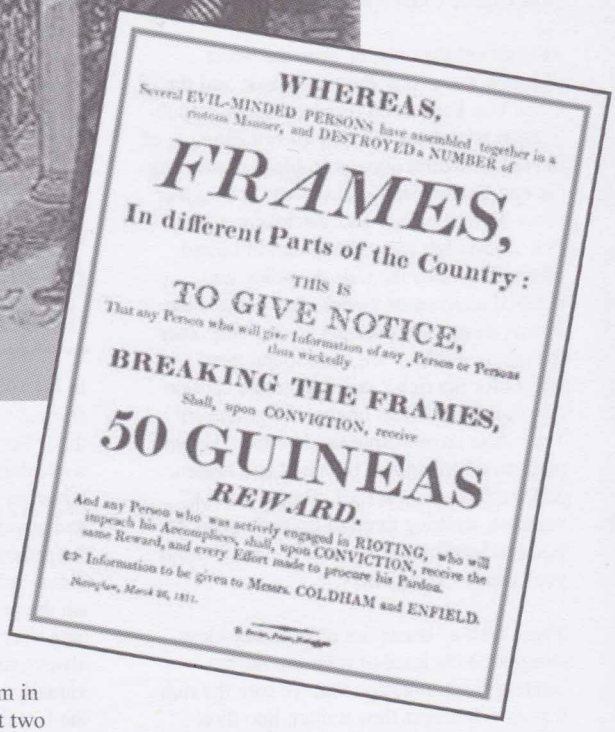
There are letters pages in the local papers. Just because you have your split personality sorted doesn't mean you can't relapse a couple of times a week and write numerous letters declaring your support for a mass mob congregating on polling day. The BNP have been doing this kind of thing for years!

Or go to church on Sunday and have that vicar you know announce it in his sermon...

But please readers, do something... or this time in four years… I could be voting Tory!

Illustration: Anthony Feinman. www.ifcomics.com





WHEREAS,
Several EVIL-MINDED PERSONS have assembled together in a riotous Manner, and DESTROYED a NUMBER of
FRAMES,
In different Parts of the Country:
THIS IS
TO GIVE NOTICE,
That any Person who will give Information of any Person or Persons thus wickedly
BREAKING THE FRAMES,
Shall, upon CONVICTION, receive
50 GUINEAS
REWARD.
And any Person who was actively engaged in RIOTING, who will impeach his Accomplices, shall, upon CONVICTION, receive the same Reward, and every Effort made to procure his Pardon.
☞ Information to be given to Messrs. COLDHAM and ENFIELD.
Nottingham, March 20, 1811.

The Luddites

What were they all about then?

The Luddites, despite their cave dwelling like name, actually lived in the nineteenth century and spent their time not smashing up animals but smashing up machines. They were artisans who felt the industrial revolution and the mechanicalised looms it had brought threatened their way of life. Their somewhat short-lived existence was to spark the imagination of artists for the next two hundred years. They themselves weren't immune to a bit of imagination – they named themselves after Ned Ludd, who if he existed at all, was said to be an eighteenth century weaver from Leicestershire who, in a fit of rage, smashed up two knitting frames.

Luddism, which began in Nottingham in 1811, spread across Britain for about two years. It was an exciting life being a Luddite. They would often meet on the moors outside industrial centres to prepare, before going off to damage a cotton or wool factory, intimidate the factory owners and possibly question the first stirrings of the Free Market. Sadly the Frame Breaking Act in 1812 threatened the Luddites' way of life and despite even Bryon standing up to defend them, several of them were executed and many more sent to Australia. Shortly afterwards Luddism petered out. Although some say it was important because it paved the way for later nineteenth century working class discontent, it's clear that their main legacy has been the many tears and cheers provoked, from the folk music it has spawned, around campfires all across Britain. ANN ARCH

Old Ned Ludd

"Old Ned Ludd
He smashed the looms
He did so with a mighty boom
For weavers weavers everywhere
He smashed them up because he cared.
The Luddists followed in his stead
Artisans who really thought
That looms were awfully dreadfully bad
Who likes machines when you can have
A simpler nicer way of life
Without factories or workers rights."

and our main disagreement was with the language used to described the transition process. I thought "class war" was a more or less accurate term to describe the expropriation of property and power by autonomous, self-managing tendencies in the working class, while the others associated those two words specifically with the hate campaign against the rich, though they recognised there was a conflict of interest between the bosses and the wage labourers they employed.

In George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four* the character Winston Smith reads a passage from a Party-issue history textbook that talks of the horrors of capitalism before the revolution. It paints caricatures of capitalists, "fat, ugly men with wicked faces" who wore frock coats and top hats and routinely flogged the children they forced to work in their factories who were fed on nothing more than stale breadcrusts. When the real 1984 came along, eerily similar descriptions of the capitalist class were published in the notorious anarchist tabloid *Class War*.

Though not the only, or even the worst offender, *Class War* the newspaper, and the Class War Federation responsible for its publication is perhaps the best known example of the rather bizarre attempt to blend class struggle and libertarian socialist ideas with gutter press sensationalism and machismo. Class War's gimmick was a campaign of hatred directed towards the rich. Avoiding any detailed analysis or theory, they painted the rich as demons, apparently for no vice other than their wealth. "We have found new homes for the rich," proclaimed the caption that accompanied an image of a graveyard. The "page three hospitalised copper" showed pictures of policemen bloodied and beaten, and the federation staged "Bash the Rich" marches, walking through up scale areas of London holding signs proclaiming, "Behold your future executioners!"

These kind of stunts not only reduce class struggle to the level of infantile racism – sending the impression that we hate the rich for some inherent flaw written into their genes – but also scares away otherwise sympathetic members of the public who feel unfulfilled under capitalism, yearn for something better, but feel uncomfortable with the excessive violence that a great deal of anarchist propaganda seems to be based around. Wearing a T-shirt that says "All rich people are cunts!" might seem like a good idea when you're seventeen, but most onlookers in their thirties and forties will take one look at you and realise straight away how juvenile your politics are.

Statements of vitriol like this are always going to attract some marginals; there are all sorts of anarcho-punk types and men and women on the fringes of society who relate to displays of violence and anger, but the majority of people aren't looking for violence. People want to live peacefully, and politicians respond by promising to protect them from the ever imminent threat of violent attack, whether from hoodies or terrorists. When they denounce their political opponents, they don't claim to want to guillotine them or give them a good kicking, because if they did they'd alienate the vast majority of the electorate who'd no doubt view them as childish thugs.

Class struggle is not the same thing as "classism" or class hatred. There are many who believe class politics are only the politics of envy. Some people hate people of a different ethnic group, others hate people richer than they are; both are forms of prejudice and bigotry, or so the mainstream media would have us believe. Class warfare is not analogous to racial warfare. Racists are small minded people who believe people superficially different to them are inferior as human beings. Those of us who advocate class struggle do not do so because we think business owners and policemen and aristocrats and politicians are inherently evil or inferior people, rather we recognise they play a role in society that is antagonistic to the interests of the great mass of people.

Revolutionary violence is sometimes necessary, but it's a dirty business that robs people of life and limb and devours the human soul

In his 1921 article *Class Struggle or Class Hatred*, the anarchist Errico Malatesta wrote that, "Social wrongs do not depend on the wickedness of one master or the other, one governor or the other, but rather on masters and governments as institutions; therefore, the remedy does not lie in changing the individual rulers, instead it is necessary to demolish the principle itself by which men dominate over men; I also explained that I had always stressed that proletarians are not individually better than bourgeois, as shown by the fact that a worker behaves like an ordinary bourgeois, and even worse, when he gets by some accident to a position of wealth and command." If anything, the bulk of my article can be seen as a reiteration of his far superior one. Those familiar with Malatesta's writings can no doubt appreciate how difficult it is for me to resist quoting that whole piece in full, but as the Editor has limited me to a word count that turns everything I write into the same kind of tabloid-esque sensationalist pieces that make up a large part of the tendencies I'm trying to denounce, I'll have to restrain myself. But rest assured Malatesta offers a logical and compelling argument for why anarchists should not be governed by class hatred. Later he notes that several dedicated and prominent advocates of working class emancipation have originated from the ruling classes (mentioning Kropotkin, along with others, by name).

The rich, for the most part, don't go about their daily business with the intention of oppressing the poor. It happens, granted, but like most working class people, most members of the ruling class are simply doing what society expects of them, trying to survive in a world that cares only about profit. A child who stands to inherit millions didn't choose to be an economic parasite anymore than a child growing up on a council estate chose to live in poverty.

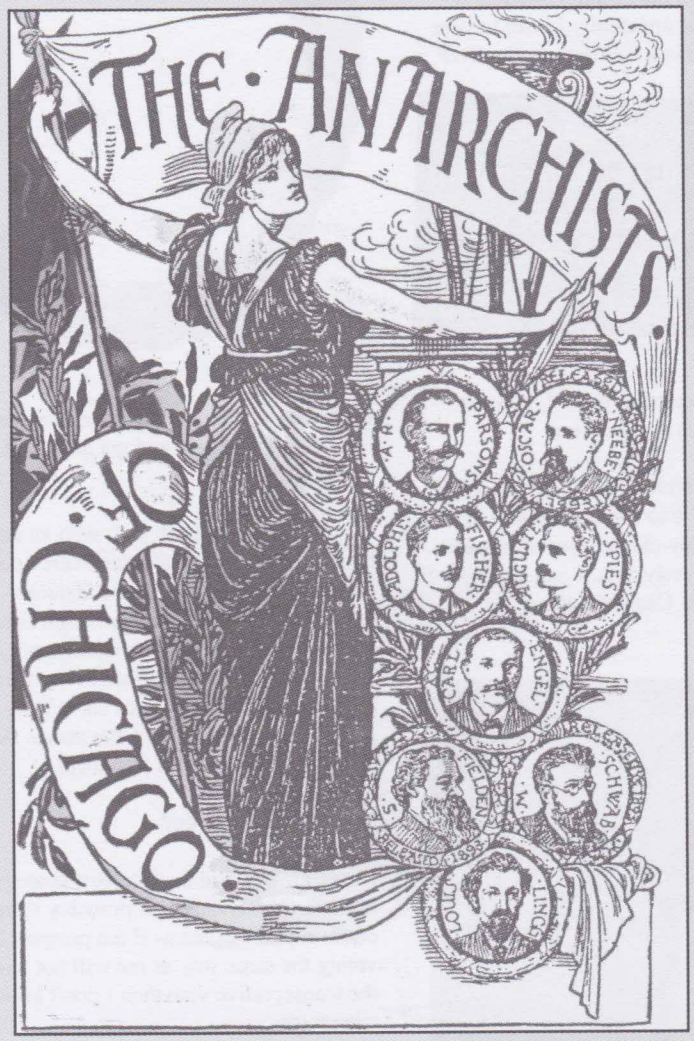
I'm not opposed to the use of violence if it furthers the class struggle. As admirable as its ideals may be, absolute pacifism has often proved suicidal when put into practice. Any attempt to create a truly free and equal worldwide human community means depriving the few who own and control the world of their means of production and organs of power, and while revolutions themselves tend to have low body counts, the counter revolutions and ensuing civil wars waged by the former rulers who want to return to the old regime and regain what they've lost are invariably violent affairs, and revolutionaries must take up arms if they want to defend the revolution.

Still, the idea of a propaganda campaign based around the inevitable violence of revolution seems strange to me. The violence is an unfortunate by-product, not the final goal. I have no desire to hurt the rich; all I want is a better life for myself and others. I want to live in a society of humans, not a society of component parts of a machine. It seems to me that suggestions of a better world are more tantalising to the general public than the acts of violence that will be needed to defend this vision from those who seek to destroy it. Too many in the anarchist movement seem to think the vast majority of working people are repressed psychopaths who'd jump at the chance to torture CEOs and flay cabinet ministers alive.

Perhaps the eighteen year old me wouldn't have agreed with everything in this article. But I'm almost twenty three now, and I fear I'm becoming a teensy bit of a hippy in my old age. Violence and warfare are horrific things, even when carried out in the name of revolution and working class liberation. We must recognise that it is sometimes necessary, but it's a dirty business that robs people of life and limb and devours the human soul. We shouldn't glorify violence, and when the revolution comes we should defend ourselves against reactionaries in the knowledge that what we are doing isn't heroic or romantic, but brutal, gritty and in many ways tragic. Let's spread our message based on what we want to build, not what we'll need to tear down. I don't want the murder of the ruling class, but the abolition of the class system. And peace and love, whenever that's practical.

Is This What The Haymarket Martyrs Died For?

Youth Section critiques those that are a poor representation of the anarchist movement



When: Tuesday May 4th, 1886

Where: Haymarket Square, Chicago

What: Workers fighting for the eight hour day held a rally in the square. At the rally a bomb was thrown – no-one knows who threw it. Several people were killed. 8 anarchists were tried for murder and 4 of them executed by the state. One committed suicide in prison. The others managed to get off.

Influence: (1) May 1st is now celebrated as International Workers Day – some say because of the Haymarket affair. (2) The eight hour day is now enjoyed by many workers. (3) Lots of people think anarchists carry bombs around with them.

Want to know more: Look it up on Wikipedia: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Haymarket_Riot

The Ruling Class – Fat, Ugly Men with Wicked Faces?

Since the Ancient World it's been common knowledge among philosophers, ethicists, psychologists and storytellers that hatred is the heaviest burden to bear. How many works of literature reinforce the age-old idea that hate is a sword that stabs only the one who carries it? Hate is a destructive impulse that consumes all that is good and decent in human beings; all of us know that. And yet there is a section of the anarchist movement fuelled by hate campaigns and class prejudice.

One cold January afternoon last year, I happened to be sitting in a pub drinking real ale with a group of people – mostly men – in their thirties and forties – and the discussion inevitably turned to politics, the concept of "class war" coming up in the conversation, being dismissed by most present as irrelevant nonsense. Cue my dissenting voice: how can such a thing be said when capitalism makes life so miserable for anyone who isn't on the board of a multinational corporation? If there is no tension between the employed and those who employ, how can you explain Paris in May 1968, or Russia 1917, or Oaxaca 2006, or just about every strike and action of collective and individual resistance since civilisation began?

It turned out we all shared broadly the same political beliefs; we all believed capitalism was unfair and needed to be replaced with a system of non-exploitative, non-alienating social relationships where people are free to act as human beings not servants and masters,

Hilariously enough, Blair went on to attack Iraq again, as well as Afghanistan, lie repeatedly to Parliament, ruin the economy and kill Dr. David Kelly, the weapons expert who would not agree with the '45 minute' WMD claim. He also managed to evade answering any difficult questions about any of it- Cameron take note.

Again, I should point out that the image of a group of men breathing heavily as they feverishly manipulate their tiny penises over a digestive biscuit seems very apt. Politics- it's all just a mammoth circle jerk. You stroke me, I'll stroke you, we'll all stroke each other...

Despite all the things which made it look impossible for Cameron not to score a landslide victory, it looks like we're going to end up with a hung parliament now. But before you all get over excited, I think I should point out that the whole idea of a hung parliament sounds a lot more entertaining than it actually is. It certainly does not refer to anything even remotely resembling the notion that our political representatives have big dicks- as we know by now that they do not. Nor does it refer to a parliament which has been lynched, which is a shame.

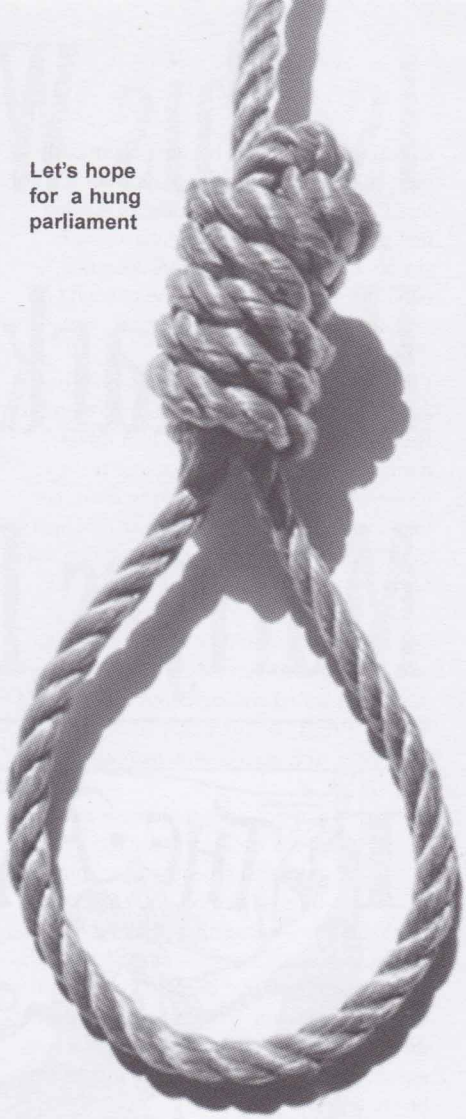
After all- in an ideal world I can think of few images as celebratory as a hung parliament- not in the big dicked sort of way, but in an HD quality public execution kind of a way. Imagine it- BBC primetime- the kind of slick production we might expect from *The Lottery* perhaps, and presented by Mr Death- Terry Pratchett, who I think deserves the job in honour of his contributions to British culture- after all, if Chiles is right, Pratchett might as well be known as Mr. Death for some decent reason. Come to think of it, we might as well hang Titchmarsh and Chiles too while we're at it.

The MPs would all be formally announced with their official titles and a list of their crimes and then hung in an internationally televised jamboree sponsored by a manufacturer of quality hemp rope. We could probably even go a good way to paying off some of the deficit with sponsorship deals. Then we could start to figure out how to start again, and do it a better this time. Some bankers and estate agents may have to die too, but I'm sure you can live with that.

I just don't want Brown in again- voting Brown is like voting pro-necrophilia and I want no part of it, but voting Cameron is surely worse- and apparently I have to vote for someone or those fucktards in the BNP will have the advantage. Indeed, they are worse than Brown or Cameron.

Few images can be as celebratory as a hung parliament- not in the big dicked sort of way, but in an HD quality public execution kind of a way

It's all so unwinnable- I've said it before but we're clearly into damage limitation here... Who is truly the least worst possibility? Cameron? Surely not... I just don't want to see David Cameron, the Conservative Party and particularly the evil ice queen Sayeeda Warsi get any more power.



Let's hope for a hung parliament

Cameron is just a posh twat with an empty head echoing with half remembered poems about rowing, but Warsi, the Shadow Minister for Community Cohesion is an entirely more unpleasant creature- not only a dangerous homophobe but in my view the most evil person in politics since Tony Blair. I have met her, and she makes flowers rot when she walks past them.

So what are we to do?

I have always said that my best strategy to hurt the Conservatives is probably to come out in support of them- if the prospect of voting the same way as me will not alienate the Conservative vote then I don't know what to do.

Therefore, in the manner of Machiavelli, I dedicate this work to David Cameron and may the Lord have mercy upon my soul.

Let the wanking contest begin...

Sayeeda Warsi: ice queen and wilter of flowers, feared by millions

so refined that he has become chemically inert- like a noble gas. And it's true- it's not that Cameron's good breeding is making him give Brown a sporting chance, it is simply that Dave is an inconsequential, nebulous invertebrate with no clue and no time to get one.

I think we can all agree that it would be a good thing for this country to take Gordon Brown out the back and put him down- humanely, using a bulldozer, and if Cameron hasn't got the heart to do it, perhaps we can organise something amongst ourselves. I just can't stand to see him suffer any longer.

We all know it would be a mercy killing- and I don't need Terry Pratchett to tell me what a dignified and righteous act it would be- it's already obvious that he is in constant pain, and has become incontinent.

To digress for a moment and speak of Terry Pratchett, I was horrified recently to see him interviewed on *The One Show* by that odious, nauseating prick Adrian Chiles, who didn't even seem to know who he was- amazing that the BBC would allow Chiles, a man with many obvious learning difficulties, and few social skills interview another man with advancing dementia on prime time.

Frankly, I'm depressed and disgusted to see so many of my heroes treated like refuse by arrogant, talentless, loud-mouthed BBC daytime TV presenters.

After all, first we had the horrific Alan Titchmarsh/Peter Cook interview on Pebble Mill, in which Alan Titchmarsh, the horrible cunt, asked Peter Cook, the genius, if he agreed with all the people who said he had never lived up to his potential- something I found truly horrifying- and now this latest misery, in which that humourless, pedestrian, PE teacher-like idiot Adrian Chiles asked the brilliant, funny and insightful Terry Pratchett on the subject of his support for assisted suicide 'You're already known as Mr. Dementia, now do you want to be known as Mr. Death?'

You want scandal, there it is...

Pratchett just looked crestfallen- it was unbearably sad.

Well, fuck you Adrian Chiles, Pratchett is too much of a gentleman to say it, but if I ever meet you I'm going to assist you in your own suicide. Terry Pratchett is not Mr. Dementia- that would be like you being known as Mr. Aspergers Syndrome- besides what have you done recently that's been so fucking cool that you can speak to Terry Pratchett like that Chiles? Leg-fucked your way into a presenting job? I have a feeling that there is a wet patch on the back of Alan Titchmarsh's knee even now. Fuck you, your face looks like a Yorkshire pudding with a stroke. From now on, I'm going to refer to you as Mr. Yorkshire Pudding with a stroke.

But I digress... we were talking about politics, and if anyone is to be known as Mr. Death, it only seems right that it be Gordon Brown.

Gordon Brown, you'll remember being the cadaver who David Cameron is having trouble beating.

Why can't David Cameron beat a corpse?

It's a corpse David, a miserable dead thing- it can't even fight back- one hefty whack with your croquet mallet and it would fly apart like testes held before a strimmer- and yet Cameron is so weak, flimsy and inconsequential that he cannot even lift the mallet in the first place to put Labour out of their misery. He should be thoroughly ashamed of himself.

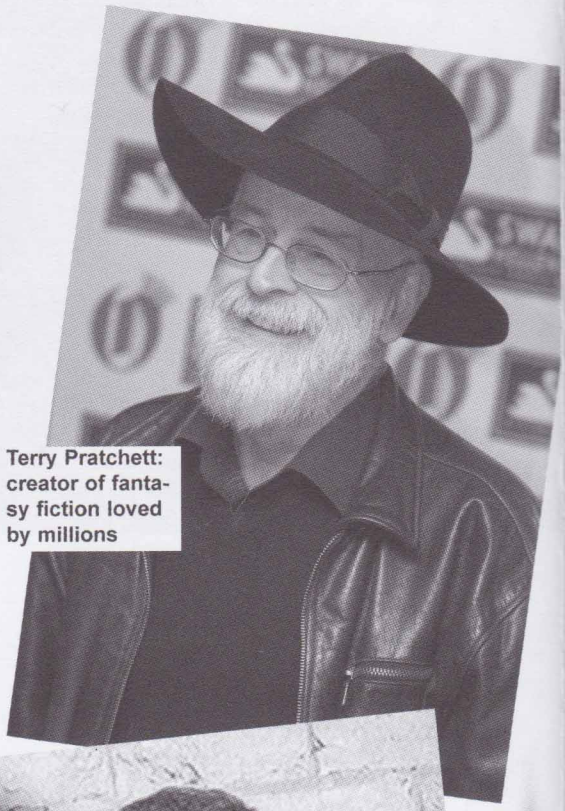
Fuck you Adrian Chiles, Terry Pratchett is not Mr Dementia- that would like you being known as Mr Aspergers Syndrome

Of course, Cameron having trouble winning is no bad thing in many ways- after all, we don't want another Tory, old Etonian biscuit-game champion running this country- and anyway we still remember that the Conservatives fucked it all up so badly last time that Tony Blair got elected- surely this says enough about them.

Amazingly, Tony got in partly off the back of another scandal- the Arms to Iraq scandal of the early 1990s in which three senior executives of a Coventry based firm involved in exporting 'machine tools' to Iraq were prosecuted by Customs and Excise for failing to mention that the machine tools in question were in fact weapons- leading to the surprising result of the British fighting the 1991 Gulf War against an enemy who they had just supplied with weapons in the first place.

The executives went on to indignantly point out that they were also supplying intelligence to the Conservative government of the time- leading to an inquiry. The resultant *Scott Report* provided Blair with enough political capital to destroy any Conservative hope of gaining office in the next election. Five years later, Blair was running things after his landslide 1997 victory.

There's a great quote by Tony from the Arms to Iraq era- he seemed like such a likeable boy ,"on virtually every page of the report there are details of answers that are untrue, inaccurate, misleading. Is no-one going to take responsibility for that? If the Prime Minister cannot answer... the Conservative Party and the Conservative Government will remain knee deep in dishonour". Great stuff, and it's a pity that he turned out to be such a shit himself.



Terry Pratchett: creator of fantasy fiction loved by millions

Adrian Chiles: PE teacher face of shit TV, loathed by millions

Illustration: Tom Waterhouse. www.2dforever.com

across our front pages and TV screens I wrote that there was no chance that Brown could ever win the next election. I believed it then and I believe it now. He has staggered on like some clammy, undead creature of darkness from a Dario Argento film ever since. Brown is clearly in no fit state to win anything, and is having more than enough trouble maintaining the basic coherence of all his body parts to possibly be considered as a likely victor in the General Election.

Amusingly, he seems to think that he will be allowed to continue as leader of the Labour Party even after losing the election- which goes some way to illustrating the levels of denial he is currently working with. It just shows what someone can come to believe if surrounded by sharks like Peter Mandleson.

Brown even thinks he might still win, hilariously enough. He is, of course, wrong- and not for the first time. I will state it again- Gordon Brown cannot win in May. I don't know if it is in fact illegal to run a corpse for Prime Minister- not that it would stop any of this now anyway I suppose.

Although Brown cannot win by his own efforts, until very recently I had not fully taken into account the incredible incompetence of the Conservative Party in general, and in particular David Cameron as their wretched leader.

> What I've really come to learn is that through all the ages of civilisation, politicians have always been greedy, dishonest scum

I am still convinced that Brown has done nothing and can promise nothing which will save him over the coming election campaign- he has fucked it all up far too badly- Brown is a corpse; a horrible Scottish zombie still animated by some dark magic or other despite having been dead for at least a year.

It is surely impossible for Brown to win- but it may still be possible for David Cameron to lose, unbelievably enough. You would think you could run a Ken doll with no head and still beat Gordon Brown- a good plan, and in fact the one the Tories went with, but according to the latest polls I could be wrong.

Personally, I think it is a savage indictment of the state of this country that even when given the kind of political advantage afforded to Cameron in the wake of all the unpopular illegal wars, the expenses scandal, the national deficit, the MI5 torture revelations and everything else the Brown Government has gifted him with, David Cameron is having trouble beating a corpse in a straight fight.

Why is David Cameron having trouble beating Gordon Brown? It can't just be good breeding that's made him hold back- it's got to be that Cameron's breeding is

Notes on a Scandal

OR David Cameron, the Corpse of Gordon Brown and the Frenzied Circle Jerk we call the General Election

Whoever you vote for, government wins. With a copy of Machiavelli's *The Prince* in hand and a DVD of *Caligula* on the TV, **Paul Knight** sets out to explore the corrupt world of UK politics and asks, why exactly have we got wankers running the country?

Hunter S Thompson once inferred that if you wanted to understand politics you could probably do a lot worse than watch the Penthouse production of *Caligula*. Luckily, I received an uncut copy for my birthday from our esteemed Editor, for research purposes. As usual, Dr. Thompson was not wrong.

In fact, I have been watching it all afternoon- some parts several times over and in slow motion to really try and absorb its message; I learned a lot- not least that remote controls are susceptible to long term damage from splashes of liquid, but that was not all...

I also learned that the version of the film I had previously been sold as uncut did not in fact contain the extremely memorable scenes of a group of slaves shooting hot dribbling man-fat into a golden bowl, and in fact had missed out any number of the best bits with cocks in- curse the short-cummings of the BBFC.

I learned lots about politics too of course... I'm not just all about the cock, and in fact, as we shall no doubt come to see, the image of a group of men masturbating into an ornate bowl recurs again and again in this area of research and may in fact be as good an image as any to symbolise the work of politicians in this country.

> If you wanted to understand politics you could probably do a lot worse than watch the Penthouse production of *Caligula*

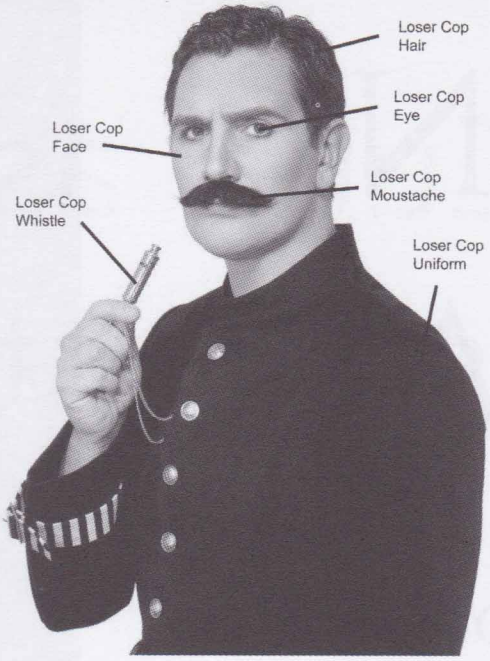
Furthermore, I've also been taking a look at *The Prince* by Machiavelli again- for those who haven't read it yet, this is the real step by step guide to gaining and keeping political power by any means necessary- it remains as relevant now as it was in 15th century Italy and should be recommended to any gangster, drug dealer or CEO of a major corporation who wants to know how it all really works.

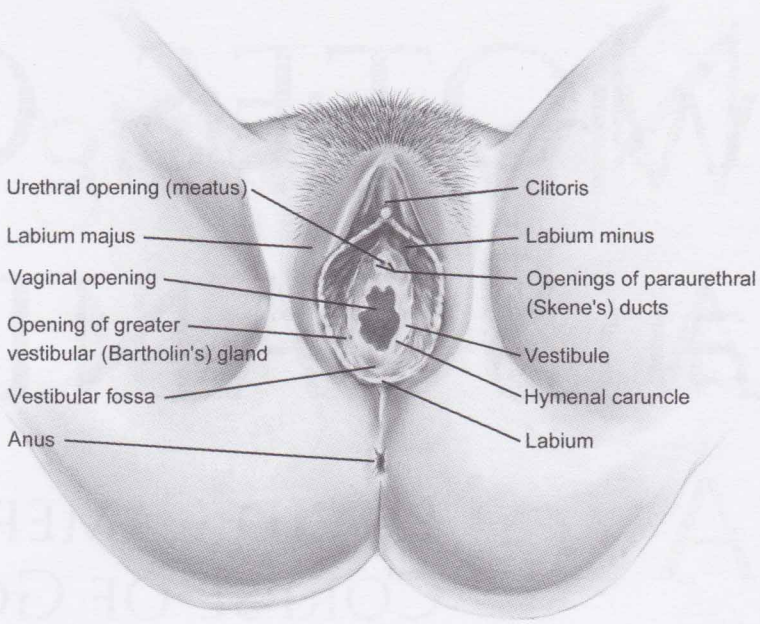
Political Scandal is a huge subject and I'm going to have to cherry pick from the wealth of historical data to hand leaving out many fine examples which cannot be included for reasons of space.

With this in mind, I have tried to restrict myself to fairly recent British political scandals in order to give myself some chance of actually finishing this in time.

What I've really come to learn is that through all the ages of civilisation, politicians have always been greedy, dishonest scum, and that sadly they get to go to all the best orgies and I don't. I certainly didn't make it that way, and I know it's unfair, but it just seems to be how it always works out. *Caligula*, if it is to teach us anything, must teach us that.

Last June, when the festering bubo that was the ministerial expenses scandal burst





fear of night-time, but does this entirely explain their prevalence today? Probably an impossible one to answer. Possibly some who have experienced the effect of identifying as black, and having been constantly fed the message by our language that black/dark has meanings of bad/evil/sinister, and knowing the outcome that this has had on their self-esteem and sense of worth all their life, might answer 'no'. Whatever the intent of the use of words, maybe the outcome is of more relevance.

And so back to gender...

In Spanish, the misogyny inherent in the language is more stark than in English. All words derived from the female genitalia relate to stuff that is annoying, a pain, a nuisance. Words coming from the male genitalia mean amazing, brilliant and impressive.

Can this be a coincidence? Is it likely to have an effect on people's perceptions of gender? No. Yes.

English is a bit less straightforward. While 'having balls' is a good thing, bollocks are not, unless they belong to a dog. Cock and dick are insults, but, (like twat), they aren't that harsh. You can be these things in an affable way.

Cuntish behaviour, by contrast, suggests to me more malicious intent. It stands out as a particularly powerful insult. I believe that the power that is behind it stems from misogyny (although I realise it is not always used in the context of a powerful insult. I don't have such a problem with 'you daft cunt' said fondly).

To those who tell me that using the word 'cunt' as an insult is possible with no connotations of women's bits, because words have different meanings, I say this: You people are insane.

This is not the same as using 'ball' to mean 'thing the dog runs after', with no connotations of an event characterised by frocks and dancing. It is not the same as using 'gay' to mean 'happy' rather than 'homosexual'. However, it is the same as using 'gay' to mean 'something that's a bit rubbish'.

Cunt stands out as a particularly powerful insult and the power that is behind it stems from misogyny

If you are not consciously thinking of women's bits when you call someone a cunt, I don't care. I think there's a fair bit of research that suggests people can pick up messages subconsciously. The message you are giving out, is that there is something powerfully wrong with my bits.

An argument I'd be happier to hear by people who want to carry on using the word cunt, given that at least it's honest, is "I may be reinforcing patriarchy, but no other word really cuts the mustard."

Fair point. No other word expresses the same level of vitriol. I have been trying to find a replacement since I gave it up in 2007 and have come no closer. If you also try and cut out other words which reinforce misogyny, homophobia, shame/negativity around the human body or sexual practices, that leaves you with even less to go on. Although in the interests of public health, I think it's fine to imply that human waste is best avoided.

If you want to prioritise, I suggest the first ones to go are those which reinforce society's hierarchies of oppression, over those which don't so much.

Years ago, the message that sex was a sinful and bad thing to do outside of marriage was widely accepted by the population. Now that the church has less of a stranglehold on our lives in most of the UK, sex is generally accepted to be a brilliant thing to be doing with your time. So I don't think calling someone a 'fucker' is going to cause much damage.

Perhaps when we're free of patriarchy, I won't mind you using cunt as an insult again. Though if you carry on using it for now, it's going to be harder to get there.

White Comedy

I waz whitemailed
By a white witch,
Wid white magic
An white lies,
Branded by a white sheep
I slaved as a whitesmith
Near a white spot
Where I suffered whitewater fever.
Whitelisted as a whiteleg
I waz in de white book
As a master of white art,
It waz like white death.

People called me white jack
Some hailed me as a white wog,
So I joined de white watch
Trained as a white guard
Lived off the white economy.
Caught and beaten by de whiteshirts
I waz condemned to a white mass,
Don't worry,
I shall be writing to de Black House.

- Benjamin Zephaniah

Why Using 'Cunt' as an Insult is Best Avoided

Dear Esteemed Editor Tug Wilson,

I am responding to the call for articles in issue 15 of Now or Never! You were quoted by Youth Section as using the word 'cunt' to describe a copper rather than a woman's bits. So I thought that you might benefit from this piece to help you to avoid confusing them in future.

Yours sincerely,
verybod

There are many sources of privilege: gender, race/skin tone, sexuality, class, an able-body, nationality...

Society is organised so that those with privileges get to keep them. It does this with a variety of direct and indirect methods. Those with power keep themselves in that position by ensuring that their beliefs dominate.

I have lots of privilege in my life, so my understanding of it is limited. I look to people who have less privilege for an explanation of what goes on that is invisible to me. Those who lack privilege in multiple ways often have deeper insights on the subject (eg. the Angry Black Woman blog).

The message I've heard is that when you have privilege, doors open for you. You are encouraged. In general, you are helped on your way. When you lack it, people patronise you, treat you with suspicion, perceive you as a threat and treat you like dirt. People are less likely to help you. People try to control you. Legislation and social barriers prevent you from achieving your potential.

What has this got to do with language? Language is not separate from the systems and structures of hierarchy and oppression in our society. How are we brought up to think that black people are to be feared? Partly the direct messages in our media, but also the constant indirect messages in our language.

Contrast the meanings of light & white with dark & black. Is it a coincidence white links to the good and black to the bad? (see the Benjamin Zephaniah poem 'White Comedy' for how widespread this is). These meanings may well have had their origins in a

the Cold War got under way. Makes you think, anyway.

The MK Ultra experiments took place because the US were convinced that the Communists had mind control technology, (I wonder who told them that?) and fervently believed throughout the post-war period that the Communists used it in operations- in particular on American prisoners during the Korean War. They feared that the Communists had the technology to create 'Manchurian Candidate' style hypnotised assassins... sounds like sci-fi I know, but I assure you it is not. The project was simply a top secret effort looking into finding the best practical techniques to alter minds in any way desired, and relied heavily on torture and shock of various different sorts to 'de-pattern' minds.

The research, which took place on human subjects, included dosing unknowing victims with LSD, ketamine and psilocybin, experiments involving implanting electrodes into the brain, lobotomy and electro-shock, all in a state sanctioned attempt to try and find a way to really fuck minds.

Ewen Cameron, Head of the US Psychiatric Association and MK Ultra arch-experimenter, believed that total mind control could be achieved by subjecting the victim to a combination of electroshock, LSD and then having the subjects own voice played in loops back through headphones during many weeks of drug induced coma- a technique he called 'Psychic Driving'. All of which sounds like it could work frankly.

He did his experiments on unknowing psychiatric patients who were in his care, as well as prisoners from within the criminal justice system, and members of the general public. Some of these poor fuckers were strapped to chairs, fed barbiturates in one arm and amphetamines in the other, while brain surgery was taking place. The subject I'm thinking of was then made to verbally describe his experience as parts of his visual cortex were cut away. The image of this particular experiment has haunted me ever since I first heard of it; I find it heartbreakingly sad.

The project was huge, covering some 150+ sub projects and taking up 6% of the entire CIA budget, and went on until the 1970s when the CIA publicly foreswore such activities, but many suspect that in fact they just changed the names of the projects and continued.

Whether the US managed to create their Manchurian Candidate remains top secret, though one only need look at the 'lone gunmen' who killed JFK, Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King and John Lennon to get a general idea.

Anyway, in 1967, the military and the CIA put together a torture handbook called KUBARK which was among the last things to come out of the official MK Ultra program before it was shut down and renamed due to public outcry. The KUBARK manual was a step by step guide to 'special interrogation techniques' which were used in operations by the US military in places like South America and various other locations during the '70s and 80's. This document was recently made available thanks to the freedom of information laws, and a PDF of the original document can be found on the net. This document, and newer versions were used in operations right up to the present day as we shall see.

> Experiments were on unknowing psychiatric patients, as well as prisoners and members of the general public

The British were not innocent of course, and we were conducting our own experiments into using LSD as a truth serum at the Porton Down base in Wiltshire between 1953-4. We told volunteer subjects that we were researching a cure for the common cold, believe it or not. There are videos of some of the experiments on YouTube, and they are hilarious- one ending with the commanding officer of a group of soldiers relinquishing himself of command due to being unable to control himself, before falling down laughing. This while there is another soldier up a tree trying to talk to the birds. Although MI6 has paid out compensation to those involved, the actual documentation is still considered too secret for public perusal.

In any case, the War on Terror gave the US the excuse to start using KUBARK style techniques on the front line, rather than merely acting as 'advisors' in various other conflicts, and it has led to some of the most disturbing abuses of human beings since the Nazis and Dr. Mengele.

I refer to an article from the US Herald Tribune from July 2nd 2008 which reported that US interrogators at Guantanamo in 2002 were using a 1957 document to base their techniques on- these included 'coercive management techniques' such as sleep deprivation, prolonged constraint, exposure, semi-starvation, the exploitation of wounds, playing deafening white noise for weeks at a time, and total sensory deprivation as tools in interrogation.

The effects of the coercive management techniques include making the victim dependent on the interrogator, weakening the physical and mental ability to resist and reducing the victim to the level of 'animal concerns'- that is to say 'immediate survival'.

This all sounds like brainwashing to me, and I wouldn't put it past these obnoxious fuckers to use places like Guantanamo to attempt to create the mind controlled suicide bombers of the future in order to manufacture consent for their evil illegal oil wars.

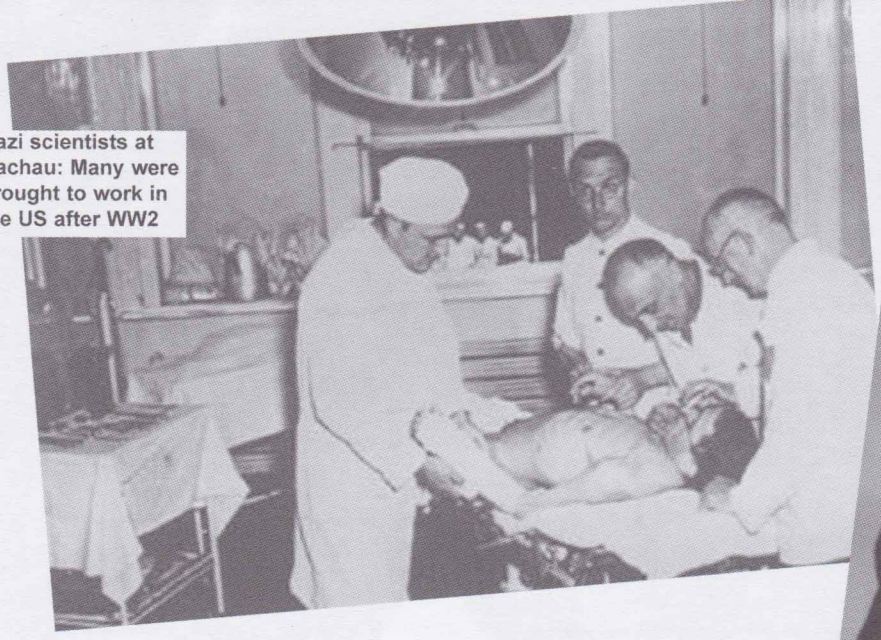
Nazi Gold Pays for Now or Never!

Now or Never!'s Nazi links became obvious with the images of Nazi scientists and a Nazi gnome on the covers of issue 16 and 17, while the free magazine in issue 15 was provocatively called Frau or Never. Further back, issue 5 ran a photo story called Nazi Dad and they sell a t-shirt deeming Krishna a Nazi. In issue 9 they reviewed a Siemens' phone app. Like the Krupp arms company, Siemens profited from the Nazis with factories in Auschwitz, using slave labour and supplying parts for the camp.

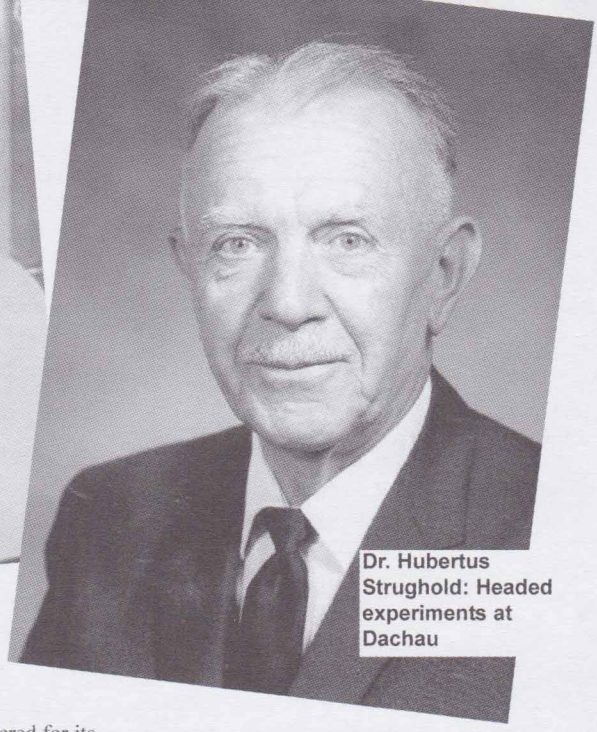
It gets worse, at the Green Gathering one astute hippy noticed Now or Never! were flying a skull and crossbones pirate flag when Skull and Bones is the wicker owl worshipping secret society ex-president Bush is involved in, connected to the Bilderburg group, whose supporter Rockefeller funded the Nazis through Standard Oil (now Exxon) a company connected to Nazi Mengele who worked for Bayer, the company who made Zyklon B, the killer gas used at Auschwitz. Bush's grandfather made his money from the Union Bank Corporation, Nazi bankers until 1942. (The Nazis were also supported by Chase Manhattan Bank who froze Jewish accounts). Now or Never! drove to the Green Gathering in a Ford Transit, despite Ford being praised in Mein Kampf and awarded a medal by Hitler. Ford executives joined those from General Motors (whose chairman spoke out in support of Hitler and profited from slave labour) and Texaco at parties to celebrate the Blitzkrieg.

Some of Now or Never!'s readers are Volkswagen driving hippies, yet Volkswagen were found to have run 'death chambers for children'. Finally, Now or Never! write their articles on computers with IBM processors despite IBM running the systems used in concentration camps – the truth is out.

Next issue: The Nazis were a bunch of Nazis



Nazi scientists at Dachau: Many were brought to work in the US after WW2



Dr. Hubertus Strughold: Headed experiments at Dachau

I've been researching various Nazi and US secret mind control experiments dedicated to creating the 'enhanced interrogation techniques' which have recently been used in the War on Terror- particularly in the network of illegal CIA 'black site' torture facilities such as the Guantanamo Bay detention centre and the Abu Ghraib prison in Iraq, which are probably the two best known of them all.

Thanks to the Bush administration the people in these facilities are held without any human rights and outside the rules set out in the Geneva Convention, due to the fact that the US considers them 'enemy combatants' rather than civilians or POWs. This has been allowed to continue since 2001, when the US used the excuse of the 9/11 attack to suspend all rights for political prisoners in the War on Terror. Nobody who mattered seemed to mind.

Also, nobody at all seemed to notice that 14 of the 9/11 terrorists were from the Arab Emirates and not Iraq or Afghanistan. Furthermore, nobody has made much of the (to my mind) quite likely idea that 9/11 was a US funded false flag operation designed to manufacture consent for an illegal and immoral aggressive war.

So, getting back to the US torture facilities, there are apparently fifty of these disgusting 'black site' facilities worldwide, holding an undisclosed number of illegally detained people who are kept hooded in total darkness, beaten, attacked by dogs, given mind altering drugs against their will, sexually assaulted and subjected to repeated electro-shock torture. It sounds like Orwell's bad dream doesn't it? But this shit is going on right now across the globe, in your name.

The story doesn't start with the War on Terror- it starts with Nazi mind control experiments which amongst other things were looking into creating a truth serum for use in interrogation, and which took place at the Dachau Concentration Camp, under the title of 'Special Aviation Medicine'. Many people, particularly many Soviet prisoners of war, died as subjects of these experiments, and you can read about them online.

After the war, the Reich was plundered for its loot and technology by the winners, namely the US and the Soviets, but we'll stick to the US for now.

The Americans set up a secret military project called Operation Paperclip which was dedicated to finding top Nazi scientists and other high ranking Reich officials, then taking them back to the US to continue their work for the Americans. The US naturalised more than 600 Nazi scientists and top brass as part of Paperclip and these 600+ individuals were never tried for war crimes despite being in many cases terrible offenders.

The Americans set up a secret military project called Operation Paperclip which was dedicated to finding top Nazi scientists

Among the scientists were Dr. Hubertus Strughold, who ran the Dachau experiments and Werner Von Braun, a rocket scientist. Both these men went on to found NASA, and in fact Von Braun was the man behind the Saturn 5 rocket which took Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin to the Moon. I noticed that Buzz never mentioned this at the recent 40th anniversary celebrations, though he did produce a moon rap with Snoop Dog, which was shit.

Getting back to Strughold- the Dachau experiments he was in charge of included injecting inmates with petrol, crushing them to death in high pressure chambers, shooting them so that new blood coagulants could be tested on their wounds and immersing them in tubs of ice water to see how long it would take them to die. This fucker was apparently alive in the 90's and living in, you've guessed it- home of pappy Bush, Texas. I might also point out that another Bush, G W's great uncle, Prescott Bush was involved with the US National Oil company, which funded the Nazis, so they probably get on really well.

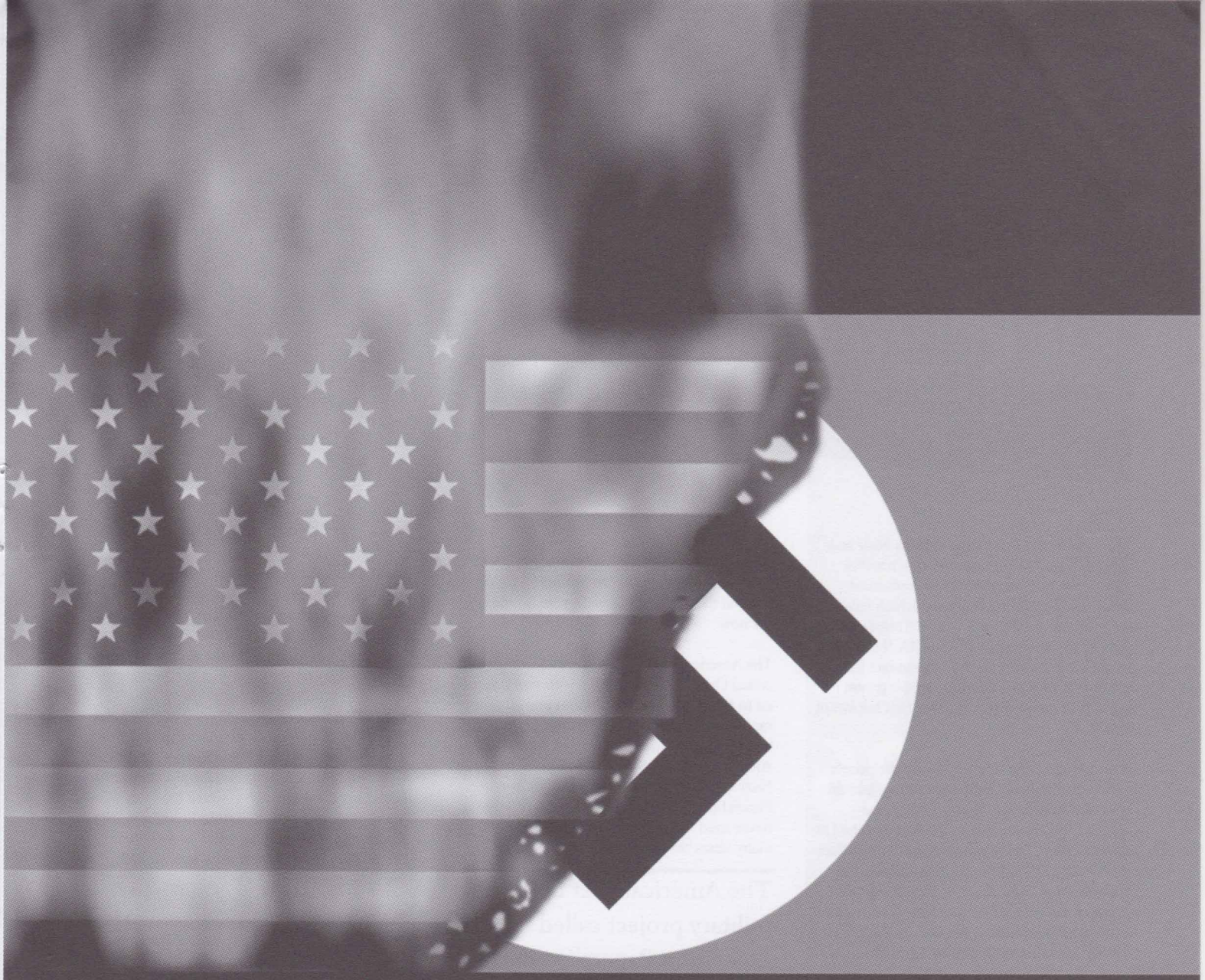
The CIA, at the time the new boys on the block, were looking into 'special interrogation techniques' for use in the Cold War and set up various projects which eventually became known as MK Ultra. It might be worth looking at the Nazis and the Cold War for a moment.

One of the individuals smuggled into America under Paperclip was General Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's Chief of Soviet Intelligence, and the man responsible for the rabid anti-Communist secret operations which claimed the lives of so many Russians on the Eastern Front, and who never seems to get mentioned by British or American historians for some reason. Well, here's the reason...

Gehlen bargained his way into America by burying 52 boxes of 'intelligence' about the Soviets which he used as currency to get himself immediately instated as a US General. He was to head up the Gehlenapparat- a super secret anti-Communist dirty tricks organisation which operated well beyond anything as trivial as the law. Gehlen was never prosecuted for war crimes, and died a free man many years later.

Never mind the fact that the 'intelligence' in the boxes would seem to be at least a little suspect, coming as it did via one Andrei Vlassov, a pro-Tsarist, anti-Communist double agent from within the Red Army and was then compiled by Gehlen, the Nazi spymaster- the Americans just didn't seem to care. Only one historian I know of- Carl Oglesby- has ever tried to point out that the 'intelligence' may well have been doctored to suit the real purposes of Gehlen, which remain mysterious- again, most relevant information is either lost or still classified.

What we do know is that these boxes of information did a great deal to kick off what became the Cold War, in itself something which may well have been a ploy designed by the Nazis to use as a smokescreen for their other operations- whatever you think of that, it is not outside the realms of possibility. It is certainly true to say that the hunt for Nazi war criminals stopped almost completely as soon as



Mind Control

The Nazi Origins of US Military Experiments to Alter Brain Function

Paul Knight explores the shadowy history of US mind control experiments, from their Nazi roots to their use in modern warfare

Hoaxes From History

The 1926 Riot

Nine years after the Russian revolution, and in the lead up to the General Strike, a sudden newsflash and eyewitness reports on the, fairly new, radio service sent a well deserved shock through parts of the UK. The unemployed were rioting in London.

It was January 1926; unemployment stood at over a million and in 1925 twice as many claimants (about half a million) were refused benefit than in 1924. Churchill had cocked up the gold standard, and coal mine owners, having spent previous years' profits on themselves, were using the level of unemployment to drop wages. The TUC had promised to back the miners with a General Strike (which started on May 1st 1926 and would be sold out by union leaders in less than a fortnight) and the government was planning to recruit strike breakers.

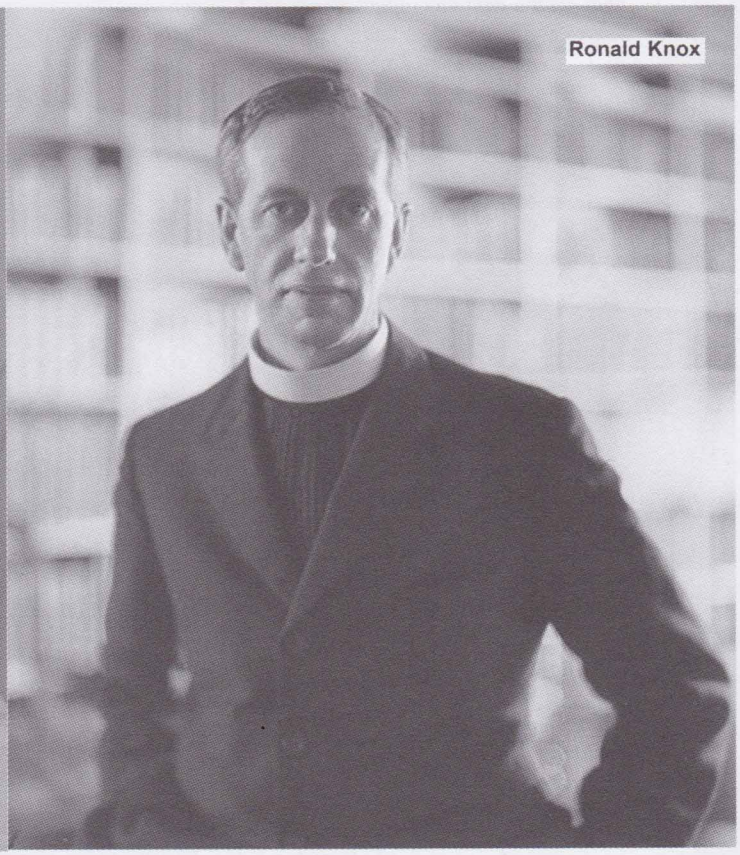
At the time the communist backed, National Unemployed Workers Union, was organising the unemployed with rent strikes, invading posh restaurants and marches into London.

On the evening of Saturday January 16th the running BBC programme, of music from the Savoy Hotel, was continually interrupted by further reports as the rioters stormed the national gallery and the Houses of Parliament were reportedly attacked: "by an angry mob equipped with trench mortars". The 'mob' did not stop at property: a housing expert, trying to reach the BBC was assaulted, and "roasted alive" and "the minister of traffic, who was attempting to make his escape in disguise has been... hanged from a lamp post in Vauxhall". The programme ceased when the Savoy hotel itself was "blown up by the crowd" and the BBC invaded.

> "The minister of traffic, who was attempting to make his escape in disguise has been... hanged from a lamp post"

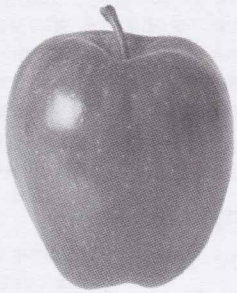
Hearing the news, high class dinner parties panicked, people fled to police stations and the Sheriff of Newcastle started to make plans to defend the city, yet the whole programme was thought up by priest and broadcaster Ronald Knox. Somehow the fact the leader of the riot was a Mr Poppleberry, the Secretary for the National Movement for the Abolishment of Theatre Queues, or that Big Ben being destroyed meant that the time given would now be from "Uncle Leslie's repeating watch" did not appear to make anyone wiser to the hoax nature of the broadcast. The transcript is worthy of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore: "subsequent and more accurate reports show that it was not a lamp-post but a tramway post that was used for this purpose. A tramway post, not a lamp-post was used…" and was used by American newspapers to laugh at the panicking idiots in the UK. In 1938 came War of the Worlds.

HARRY K



Ronald Knox

Recipes from The Bible

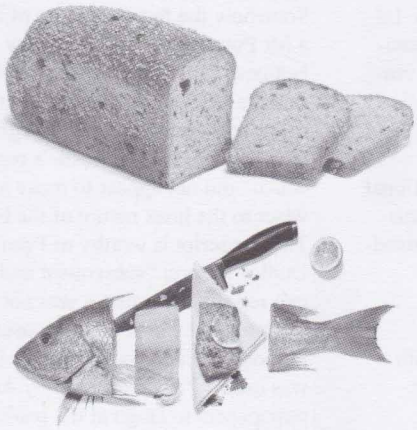


Take one apple

– eat it raw.

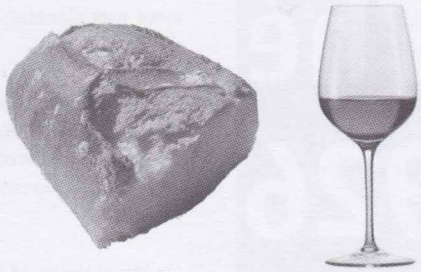
Ezekiel bread

– mix wheat barley beans lentils millet and spelt – bake over a fire made of human faeces. Eat for a year whilst lying on your side tied up in ropes.



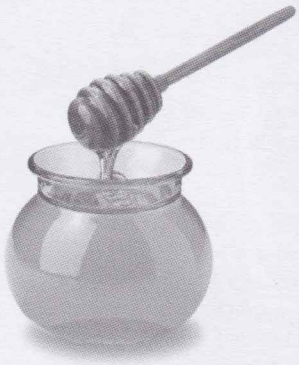
5 loaves 2 fishes

– should feed 5000 guests with enough left over for the next day (alternatively try 7 loaves and a few small fish).



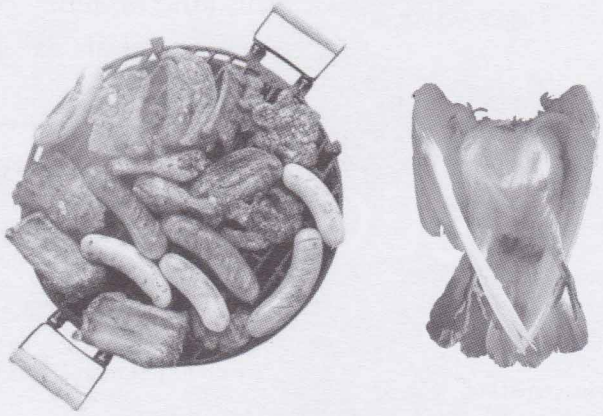
For a simple supper

- why not try some tear-and-share bread and some wine (Catholics should substitute human body and blood).



As a quick snack

- go for locusts and honey (vegetarian option: use carob instead of insects).



Finally, if you find yourself preparing a meal for God

- he prefers a barbecue as he loves the smell of burnt flesh. If you serve pigeon, he prefers the head pulled off and is quite happy to see a liberal amount of spilt blood splashed around, but don't serve honey or yeast as he has an intolerance to most things.

Words: Harry K

The British National Party and its Preoccupation with Crap Poetry

In AD 20 was born a queen,
Boadicea was her name!
But then one day from across the sea,
Some mean old Romans came!
They took her land and beat her kids,
And that just wasn't right.
So she fought and died for freedom,
And Boadicea was WHITE!

Viewers of Have I Got News for You will recognise these words as those of Billy Brit, star of a puppet show made by Youth BNP for Youtube (the original video has since been pulled, but a version with frankly rather half-hearted commentary by a BNP detractor is still available: http://tinyurl.com/ldwlyp). The full version carries on to tell us that Edward I, Shakespeare, Newton, Nelson, the Duke of Wellington, Scott of the Antarctic and Enoch Powell were, similarly, white. The Shakespeare bit's my favourite:

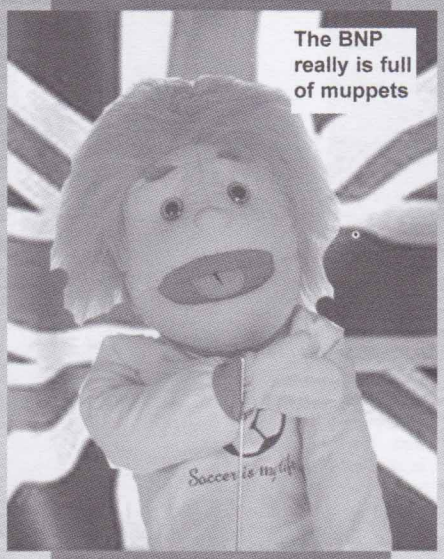
On St. George's Day 1564,
There came a bright new dawn.
For on that day in an English town,
Shakespeare was born!
The greatest playwright ever known,
He set the stage alight.
With pen he conquered all the world,
And Shakespeare was WHITE!

One wonders what the Bard would have to say about being celebrated with such atrocious doggerel.

Of course, this is nothing compared to Great White Records, the BNP's very own CD label. Let's start with Colin Auty's song *Savile Town, Where's it Gone?*:

Ali's shops on the corner,
And there's Mosques all over town.
24 hours a day kebab house,
Asian taxis run by Crown.
This little piece of England,
Green and often pleasant land,
why the hell am I complaining,
And why don't I understand –

The bookies halfway down our street,
Has long since gone as well.
And Dr Watson's been replaced,
By a man they call Patel.
It's curried rice and foreign dips,
No British fish & chips.
And the languages that we hear all day,
Come from foreign lips.


The BNP really is full of muppets

And I say....
Where is the chapel, where my grandma used to pray?
Where is the alehouse, where my father drank each day?
Where is the butchers shop, our mam would buy her pork?
Where have all the white folks gone, who used to stop and talk?

Most political parties would be ashamed of stooping to this kind of demagogy, but Griffin and his pals apparently lack even those basic scruples

Here's a simple solution to your woes, Colin: move to some other town. Fish and chip shops? I know of at least four around Norwich. Bookies? There's a Betfred's down the road from where I live. Churches? Got plenty. Pubs? Yup. Butchers? There's a few. Dr. Watson? Perhaps he just retired, Colin. Happens.

Great White have a Youtube channel (www.youtube.com/user/GreatWhiteRecords) for your enjoyment. Interestingly, amongst the four people listed as friends on the Great White account is someone called 'MyDaddyWasAGollyWog', who has a picture of Obama as his user icon and whose favourite videos include 'Eat that Watermelon' and 'Up Yours Nigger!!!'. If the BNP are trying to move away from their racist image, then why are their cheerleaders hanging around with these people?

A number of Great White songs are written by none other than Nick Griffin himself. *I See You* is a fine example of Nick's song writing talent:

Take a look at the future,
Tell me what do you see?
I see them, but I don't see me.
I can see them, but not you or me.

Take a walk to the bandstand,
Take a walk through the park,
You and I know we can't go after dark.
Everybody knows don't go after dark.

Take a look out of your window,
Tell me what do you see?
Is there any room in this town for me?
Any room in this town for me?

Take a trip to the school,
A hundred years it's been built,
You and I know now all they teach is killed.
Everybody knows all they teach is killed.

Take a trip to the country,
A long way around,
You and I know that safety can't be found.
Everybody knows that safety can't be found.

Take an ancient tradition,
Everything has been changed,
You and I know that the future's strange.
Everybody knows that the future is strange

What we obviously have here is the BNP's bread and butter: good, old-fashioned appeal to the emotions. Most political parties would be ashamed of stooping to this kind of demagogy (and God knows it takes a lot to shame a politician), but Griffin and his pals apparently lack even those basic scruples.

The BNP like to dismiss lefties as naive ponces with their heads in the clouds - and yet they see nothing incongruous about sending these bargain-bin Art Garfunkels out to mope about their local fish and chips place closing down. Is that meant to be getting down-and-dirty with the burning issues of today, Nick? NEIL THE ART STUDENT

BUCKFAST TONIC WINE

Taste: Tastes of ' teenage drinking', a bit like a concoction of all the drinks from your parents' drink cabinet. Pleasant enough, easily quaffable.

Expense: High, a whopping 62p per unit of alcohol. The fact that proper winos drink this is a testament to its power and reputation.

Packaging: Looks like cheap Spanish wine. Brilliantly, it includes the following on the label: "The name 'Tonic Wine' does not imply health giving or medicinal properties".

Fightability: The statistics speak for themselves. Despite reflecting only 0.5% of Scotland's alcohol sales, it has been mentioned in nearly 6,000 of the country's crime reports in the last three years, including 114 where the bottle itself has been used as a weapon. Hilariously it is brewed by monks, perhaps that is the source of all the anger.

Shagability: High caffeine content will help performance, whilst mention of monks on label will add an illicit thrill.

Vomitability: Low, some people drink this shit for breakfast.

Kudos: High. The fuel of choice for troublesome Scots and Northerners. Nearly impossible to find in Norwich though.

Musical Accompaniment: Gregorian chant drum n' bass remix.

The dangerous mismatch between the innocuous taste, packaging and general appearance versus capacity for evil is greatest in this drink. It's not known as "Wreck the hoose juice" and "Commotion Lotion" for nothing.

SPECIAL BREW LAGER

Taste: Although one participant initially refused to try it because "I know it tastes like gravy for tramps", it was probably better received than any of the other drinks. A very likeable strong lager with an acquired aftertaste. If it was called 'Weasel's Arse', in all likelihood it would be drunk by real ale types.

Expense: Not particularly cheap but then again this is a drink initially 'specially brewed' to commemorate the honour of Winston Churchill's visit to Copenhagen in 1950.

Packaging: Iconic, especially loved by punks.

Fightability: Almost everyone has an anecdote involving Special Brew influenced carnage.

Shagability: If you fail to pull a punk you can always resort to a lethargy tainted experience with a cat/dog/sofa/your dad's hand.

Vomitability: High, it's pretty rich stuff.

Kudos: How many drinks have both a song and a sub-culture named after them?

Musical Accompaniment: 'Special Brew' by Bad Manners obviously.

A tasty classic that heavy drinkers remain loyal to, despite a less than favourable alcohol per unit ratio.

TASTERS:

Lottie Mental, Scumbalina, Tug Wilson, Harry K and Pilsbury

THE Now or Never! DIABETES SWEEPSTAKE

Drinking too much alcohol? Worried about diabetes?

ALLEVIATE YOUR SUFFERING: for only £5.00 you can join the Now or Never! Sweepstake and have a chance of reaping the jackpot!

Just send in £5.00 or donate via the website www.nowornever.org.uk along with a declaration that you do not currently have diabetes.* The first participant to contract diabetes due to alcohol will reap the jackpot.**

Send this coupon to: Now or Never!, PO Box 487, Thorpe Rd Mail Centre, Norwich, NR5 8WE.

☐ YES! I would like to take up the Diabetes Challenge and join the Now or Never! Sweepstake.

☐ YES! I would like to take the £15 bonus offer of Now or Never! subscription, Now or Never! punk CD and sweepstake.

I enclose my cheque for £5.00 or £15.00 bonus offer payable to 'Now or Never!'

Name

Address

Signature

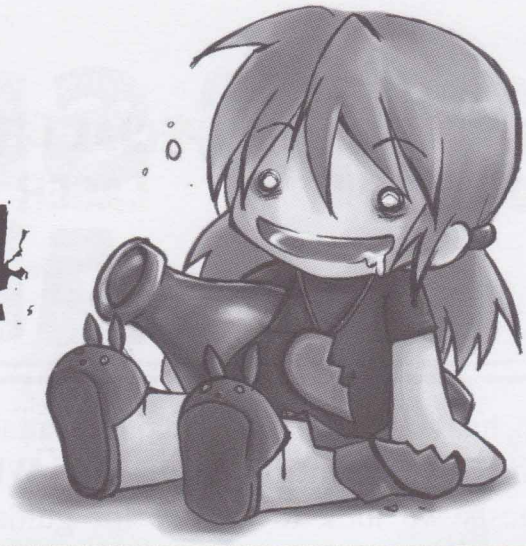
Date of joining

I declare that I do not knowingly have diabetes.

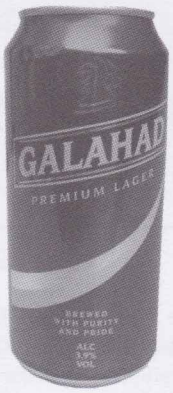
The first participant to send us a doctor's certificate of diabetes will receive the sweepstake jackpot

*If you have a history of diabetes in your family you must see a doctor first to make sure you are all clear before you start the diabetes challenge. **Diagnosis must be at least three months after joining the sweepstake. The jackpot will depend on the sweepstake at the time and be less admin fee. If the jackpot remains unclaimed by 20/12/2012 it will be closed and all funds used at Now or Never!'s discretion. Losing a leg due to diabetes will not increase the jackpot. Now or Never!'s decision is final.

THE Now or Never! PUKE INDUCER



GALAHAD LAGER



Taste: Weak, almost like water. Ideal to flush out kidneys between stronger drinks. Acceptable to a young palette.

Expense: Despite only being about 50p a can, its piss weak alcohol content gives it a moderately high unit per alcohol ratio.

Packaging: Shit, looks like something a BNP supporter would drink. Not only is it called 'Galahad', it's apparently brewed with 'purity and pride'. What's next, a cheap cider called 'White Power'?

Fightability: Carling might get round to taking them to court for ripping off their label. Hopefully they'll kick their arse.

Shagability: Do you want to fuck Nick Griffin? In his bad eye socket?

Vomitability: Low, unless of course you have an allergy to water.

Kudos: Are you fucking joking?

Musical Accompaniment: Ride of the Valkaries covered by T'Pau, or tinny rap music coming from a teenager's mobile phone.

A favourite drink amongst EDL rioters, and due to low alcohol content is ideal for pissing contests.

OMEGA CIDER

Taste: Smells of teenage pregnancy and death. Tastes slightly better. There is a hint of elderflower with a peculiar meaty aftertaste (ribs?).

Expense: A stoic champ - even when up against the might of the 'cider tax', it clocks in at an astonishing 15p per unit.

Packaging: Pretty awesome, looks like something Robocop would drink.

Fightability: High. In the past has caused even the most mild mannered of the Now or Never! team to threaten a stranger with a broken bottle.

Shagability: Ultimately it's a drink for fighting, not fucking. However, due to associated lifestyle you may get lucky with a crackhead/prostitute.

Vomitability: High, alcohol content combined with rank taste can't be a winner.

Kudos: High amongst predatory paedophiles and crust punks.

Musical Accompaniment: Any track off 'Wrong Cyder Beautiful' by Visual Offence.

Provokes retro reminiscing, whether that involves teenage tomfoolery or "childhood memories of a slaughterhouse".

TESCO VALUE SCOTCH

Taste: Almost universal disgust. Inspired the following statements: "Smells so horrible I can't bring it to my mouth" and "I'd rather suck a tramp's cock".

Expense: Fairly high considering the rank taste, clocks in at an unimpressive 25p per unit.

Packaging: Soviet style nastiness. Despite costing more than several loaves of bread we have chosen to drink this shit. A concise critique of state socialism.

Fightability: High, watch out for those carrying a bottle of this beastie.

Shagability: Please meet Lady Palm and her five lovely sisters.

Vomitabilty: Massive. This is the sort of drink to induce a foggy headiness that would impair your ability to even sign-on.

Kudos: None, unless you have a peccadillo for the British equivalent to Russian counterfeit vodka.

Musical Accompaniment: The Pogues' brain damaged cousins. Tastes like Anal Cunt sounds.

A drink that does not reflect its horribleness in its price, just its packaging.

COOP COOKING SHERRY

Taste: Ladies' love cooking sherry (cheap skanks), men hate it. According to the females among the Now or Never! team, it is surprisingly quaffable.

Expense: Moderately cheap at 25p per unit.

Packaging: Rubbish - looks like something Compo would drink.

Fightability: Possible exaggerated arguments about how rank it is. Hair pulling.

Shagability: Look out for ladies drinking it.

Vomitability: Many tramps and teenage drinkers will confirm that, yes indeed, this is a puke inducer.

Kudos: None whatsoever.

Musical Accompaniment: Heart FM

Combined with trifle eating, this provides a great foundation for a chance to win the Now or Never! Diabetes Sweepstake'.

THE SKELETON ARMY

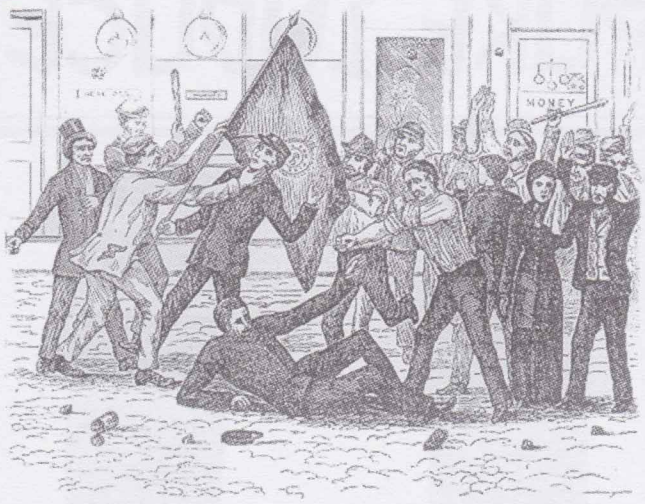
With heavy drinking increasingly attacked by the Government and media, **Tug Wilson** suggests we look to history for guidance, and that it is once again time for drunkards everywhere to march under the banner of the Skeleton Army

During the late 19th Century the recently formed Salvation Army were taking their message of virtuous clean living to the streets of Britain, deliberately targeting drunks, gamblers, prostitutes and other 'undesirables'. The Salvation Army's unconventional approach was abrasive to both the Christian establishment and many of those they were preaching to. In choosing to attack popular working class pastimes, they whipped up a violent grassroots reaction and their provocative style of disseminating their message often resulted in public disturbances. Towards the end of 1881 in Weston-Super-Mare a rag tag bunch of libertines, drunkards, publicans and brothel-keepers began an organised opposition to the Salvation Army; the Skeleton Army. Very soon Skeleton Armies started appearing throughout the country.

The Skeleton Army's chief purpose was to disrupt Salvation Army activity whenever they surfaced in public. The methods were varied, from the mischievous mockery of the Salvation Army's music and songs in order to make their processions pointless, to openly attacking them in the street. They would pelt the Salvationists with paint filled eggs, dead animals, burning coals and anything else available. When missiles were not to be found, fists, feet and sticks were used. The police would rarely intervene, and when they did, the Salvation Army's unpopular militant manner meant they were just as, if not more likely, to fall foul of their attention. Some in positions of authority, such as the Mayor of Eastbourne, even joined brewers and other supporters by endorsing the actions of the Skeleton Army.

The Skeleton Army imitated much of the regalia of the Salvation Army. They too had a uniform of sorts; they would recognise each other by apparel or accessories adorned with skull and crossbones. Their flags would feature skulls, skeletons and coffins. The Salvation Army's slogans were also turned against them. Blood and Fire became Blood and Thunder; whilst their three S's, Soup, Soap and Salvation was replaced by the three B's; Beef, Beer and Bacca. They also produced their own blasphemous and obscene newsletters to promote their cause.

Riots occurred frequently wherever the Salvation Army marched but it was in April 1884 in Worthing, shortly after they obtained their first rented premises that things came to a head. Their barracks shared an alley with a liquor store and following a protest against drinking the week before, the store keeper in anger erected a barricade in the alley. The landlord, Mr George Head, tore this down, inflaming the situation. By now, popular opposition to the Salvation Army's message of temperance was growing, and the Worthing Excelsior Skeleton Army was born. Within days, mainly due to the existence of resident troublemakers the Bonfire Boys, they numbered 4,000



and enjoyed the support of local newspaper The Worthing Gazette.

Riots involving the Salvation Army and the Skeleton Army became regular, and a very serious confrontation was inevitable. General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army confined the newly appointed Captain Ada Smith and her group to their barracks whilst he pleaded with various law enforcers, all the way up to the Home Secretary, seeking protection for them. No assurance was given but General Booth ordered them to march out again regardless. Foreseeing trouble, Worthing police drafted in extra officers in an attempt to keep the peace. At 2pm, 17th August, the Salvation Army had congregated outside their hall. Police lined the route of their march, truncheons poised as the Salvationists marched past the baiting Skeletons. Despite tensions, matters remained peaceful until the Salvation Army were approaching the end of their procession. Just before they had reached the safety of their hall, the Skeleton Army had over taken them by some thirty yards. The march halted and after a brief pause the Skeletons ploughed into the Salvationists. The atmosphere was charged with blood and the sound of screaming and breaking glass. The Salvation flag soon fell, leaving just the skull and crossbones flag of the Skeletons flying. The police were quick in attempting to crush the disturbance, to no avail. The Salvation Army soon retreated to Montague Hall, where the Skeletons attempted to burn the building down. The landlord, keen to protect his property, shot into the crowd, injuring several of the Skeletons. Only when troops were sent in, and the Riot Act read, was law and order restored.

Skeleton Armies continued to sporadically pop up around the country until 1892. In their decade of resistance to the Salvation Army, they were responsible for dozens of riots and several deaths. Eventually the authorities clamped down on their activities, and combined with the increasing popularity of the Salvation Army, their numbers dwindled. Thus ended a short and unruly period of English social history.

Happy Hour

Stop telling us what and how to drink

FROM POLITICIANS TO straight edgers, getting pissed is frowned upon. Or should that be being poor and pissed is frowned upon? I'm sick of reading columnists bemoaning that the government is going to increase the cost of their daily sozzled red wine fix while saying the government should target binge drinking and cheap lager. No they fucking shouldn't; if people want to get pissed, good. It's like Reefer madness, but instead of scary black dope fiends it's scary white piss heads: people low down the pecking order must not be allowed to get out of control.

Getting pissed in a group is sociable, it's when friends can get together after a hard week. Not getting rat-arsed is not going to lead to thoughtful discussion and a considered revolution, it's going to lead to boredom. Yes it's dangerous, and fighting drunks are twats, but drinking breaks constraints, aides relaxation and injects randomness into life – when else would you walk 5 miles home because you spent your taxi fare on a kebab?

The government stopping two for one supermarket deals and happy hour is just making it more expensive to drink, taxing fun and trying to exert control. Stop trying

It's like Reefer madness, but instead of scary black dope fiends it's scary white piss heads

to civilise us, being drunk is civilising - what can be more of a loving gesture than holding your lover's hair back while they throw up down the toilet?

Victorian prime minister, Gladstone, tried to civilise us by introducing cheap wine, it failed because we wolfed it down by the cask; the Licensing Act of 1551 was designed to stop trouble from common ale houses while more laws came in the early 1600s, due to ruling class concerns over idleness and sedition.

In the 1800s elements in the temperance movement tried to stop people drinking spirits, while socialists in the 1900s even tried to stop us drinking beer. Shipyard owners pushed for prohibition and Lloyd George used the First World War to bring in tight drinking restrictions, saying "drink caused more damage to the war machine than submarines" – good!

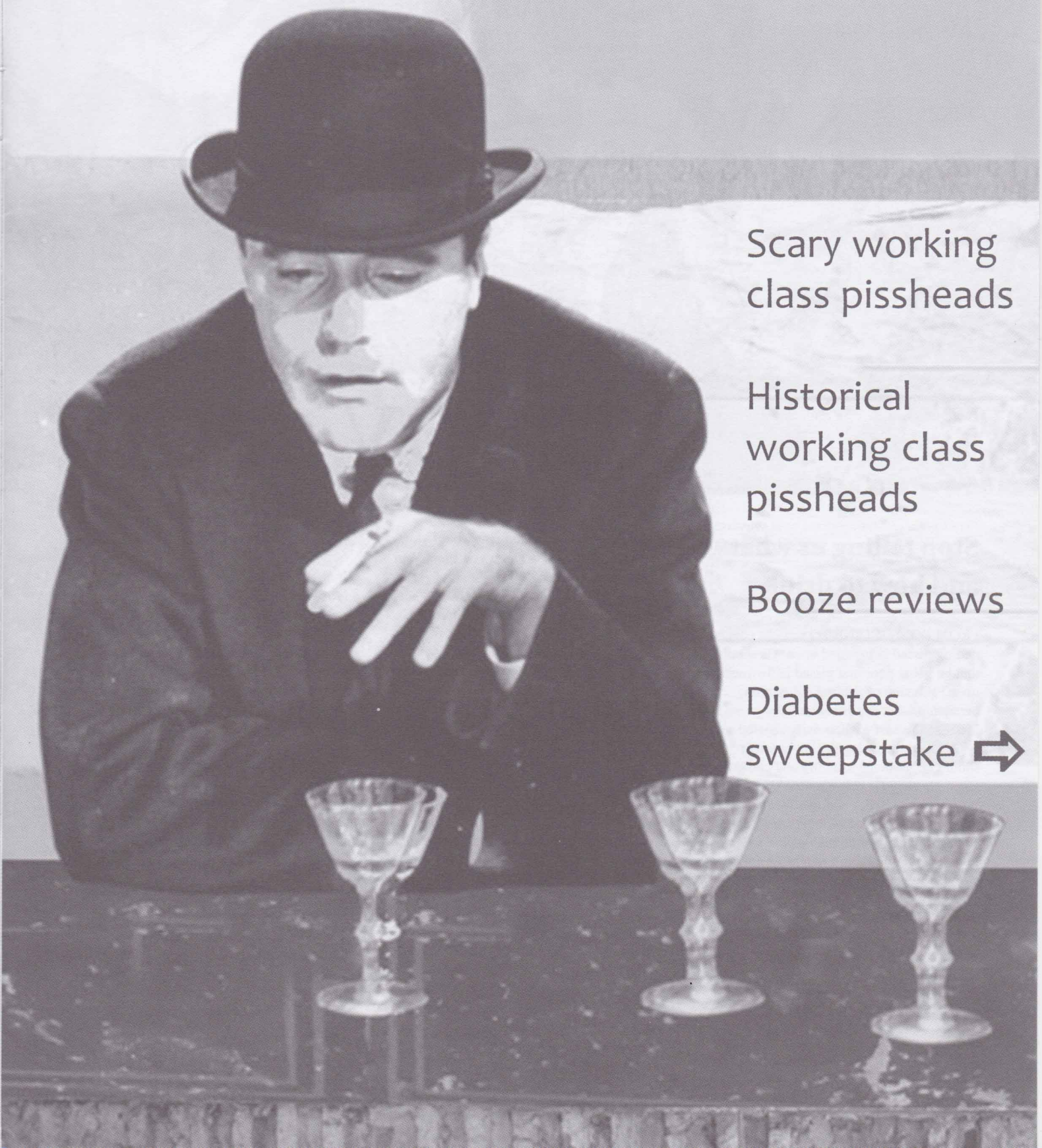
After the war, pubs were tarted up to encourage middle class sedated drinking and now we have straight edge moaning about beer being a soporific (try vodka and red bull) and well off commentators moaning about people drinking in the street.

Yes there are big bad beer barons out there trying to take our money but giving the government more of a cut is no answer – if you are that worried brew your own. It's not alcohol fucking the country, we're drinking less than five years ago, it's bankers – put restrictions on bankers not beer. HARRY K

Time Waster http://ugliesttattoos.com/ - it's ugly tattoos, duh.

Booze not Bankers

Now or Never! Pisshead Special



Scary working class pissheads

Historical working class pissheads

Booze reviews

Diabetes sweepstake ⇨

Ujino Muneteru

Rave Revolutionary

BSD met up with the innovative Japanese sound artist to discuss his bold vision of the future of music

A club where DJ's don't play records, but machines. A place where the sounds of everyday life have been fashioned into rhythms and melodies. A venue where the traditional sound system's amplifiers and speakers are supplemented with pneumatic drills, sirens and diesel engines.

This is Japanese sound artist Ujino Muneteru's vision of the future of dance music.

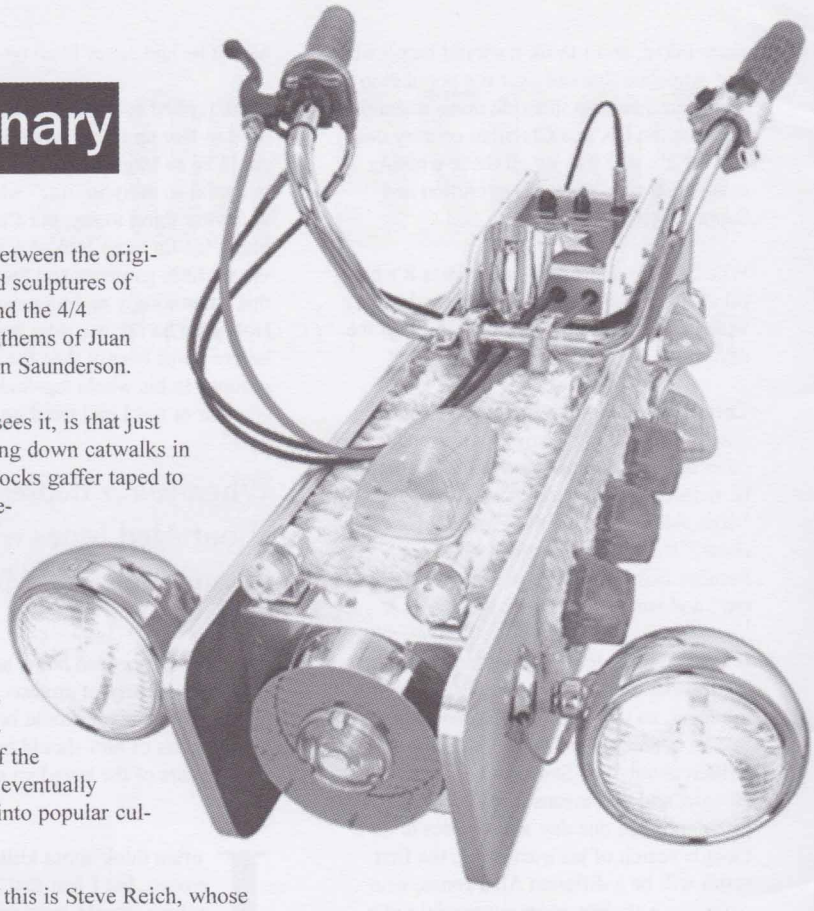
"No one knows what the future holds; this is what I think the future holds," he says as we both watch an electric drill dangling from the ceiling plucking at the exposed strings of a piano with a hard brush. I nod slowly.

I've met Ujino in London's Heyward Gallery to discuss the evolution of electronic music. He's got a reputation as the mad scientist of Japanese sound art but seems disappointingly unassuming and softly spoken - not quite what you'd expect from the man behind the Love Arm (A musical instrument which is part electric guitar, part motorcycle. It's large and you strap it to your groin).

Currently the Heyward is home to his most recent Rotators project: Ugly Knitting. It's a chaotic and noisy arrangement of heavily modified pre-1985 electrical appliances and rock music technology. Hoovers are plugged into bass amps; electric drills are strapped to guitars; blenders are linked to DJ turntables.

Ujino's Rotators are a kind of mechanical drum machine constructed out of everyday objects which takes up a whole room. He's been building them since 2000 when the influence of Eddie Van Halen and a preoccupation with ever-shrinking technology drove him to undertake some otherworldly experiments with power tools and guitar pick ups.

The result is a mind frying cacophony of clicks, wurrs and bassy hums spiked through with white noise and splurts of talk radio. Ujino calls it 'physical techno': a kind of halfway house between the original kinetic sound sculptures of Jean Tinguely and the 4/4 Detroit dance anthems of Juan Atkins and Kevin Saunderson.



The way Ujino sees it, is that just as models walking down catwalks in Milan with peacocks gaffer taped to their faces, somehow translate into a stylish new pair of sunglasses available in high street stores, so too do the weird unreasonable antics of the sound art world eventually work their way into popular culture.

One example of this is Steve Reich, whose minimalistic sound experiments in the 60s directly influenced a generation of DJs and producers. Thirty years after his iconic electronic compositions 'Come Out' and 'Its Gonna Rain', the likes of Richie Hawtin and Ricardo Villalobos blew up, and all across Europe every weekend warehouses full of people were spazzing out to minimal techno; a genre directly influenced by Reich's own brand of minimalism.

When Ujino initially started to explain the sonic properties of a coffee grinder I was confused - I didn't understand its relevance to dance music

Now, Ujino believes, it's kinetic music's turn to make the cross-over from the world of galleries and installations to festivals and free parties.

"What I'm trying to do is connect high art and dance music together - like an electrical cable. In the future I would like to construct bigger projects and progress from domestic appliances to agricultural machinery and construction equipment."

Ujino's vision is one where dance music festivals are no longer a series of colourful tents with line array sound systems playing synthetic laptop music. A kinetic festival would expose ravers to a one off composition made up of a complex arrangement of noise making machines and objects all manipulated by mechanical sequencers and the manual intervention of the DJ. Strewn across the festival site would be pounding combine harvesters, wailing sirens, fog horns and steam engines; and as you moved through the festival the sounds from different machines would merge in new ways.

When Ujino initially started to explain the sonic properties of a coffee grinder I was confused - I didn't understand its relevance to dance music. When he told me that he made a banana smoothie with a blender during his live performances I laughed. When he showed me the drill dangling from the ceiling I was worried about health and safety implications. But after talking to him for nearly half an hour standing in the belly of one of his chaotic 'physical techno' monsters I start to get it.

The trouble is, dragging heavy machinery and fog horns out to a field is an elaborate way to get your musical kicks and, thinking about it realistically, kinetic sound systems are too wildly impractical and complex to ever be embraced by typical rave promoters or free party squatter types. But after being given a glimpse of Ujino's sound revolution I don't really feel like thinking realistically. The future popularity and social role of kinetic sound art may be uncertain, but what is clear, is that a future with more widespread Japanese mechanised noise madness would be preferable to one where there is no kinetic uprising and sound sculpture remains languishing in art galleries surrounded by bearded men rather than clanking and booming through warehouses full of neon freaks.

show asked, and I think it should be possible to extrapolate that out over the population as well, and then stop this ridiculous assumption that the UK is a Christian country once and for all, and shut up all those whining evangelists who object to evolution and Santa Claus.

When *you're* depressed, sometimes it's helpful to list things about Aled Jones which are worse than *you*, to help you get through the day. More and more people swear by it.

There's a final point to make here about Aled. I was talking to my friend Hannah the other day and mentioned that I was going to be writing a piece about Aled Jones; she said 'what, Aled Jones off the Chris Moyles show?' It threw me. I said 'I hope not because that would ruin the bit I've just written', and went off to check it out.

It turns out that there is another Aled Jones, who works on the Chris Moyles Show as a producer, so that was ok. The funny thing is that he comes up before the Aled Jones I had written about- The Snowman one- on Google, and that means that if our Aled Jones gets depressed one day and decides to do a Google search of his own name, the first result will be a different Aled Jones, who works on a slightly more successful radio show.

The staggering tragedy of it...

But I digress, I was talking about Alan Titchmarsh.

While I remember, I'd just like to take the opportunity to say that I hate Alan Titchmarsh, as I think that it's important to really drive that point home. But although I hate Titchmarsh, and I do, it's not for the gardening, or the horrific AT show, or even for the degrading little novels.

I hate Alan Titchmarsh because I blame him for the death of legend of satire Peter Cook. This is no idle claim, as we shall see.

It is an indisputable fact that Titchmarsh interviewed Peter Cook on Pebble Mill; the same programme that brought you such TV lows as Paul McShane from Hi-de-Hi singing You've Lost That Loving Feeling, and furthermore the occasion would turn out to be Cook's last interview.

During the light hearted banter, Titchmarsh, the leech, the loathsome spotted reptile, slipped the knife in with a twist. He asked Cook something along the lines of "do you agree with the people who say you never lived up to your potential?" which basically struck me as jaw-dropingly shocking.

I just want you to slow down for a moment and try to imagine the bizarre situation in which Peter Cook, the genius, would be asked by Alan Titchmarsh, the cunt, whether he felt he had never lived up to his potential.

Cook replied something like "I have never tried to live up to my potential. For what could be so tragic as to have reached one's potential so early in life?" which was a fine and witty thing to say, but I'm sure he was biting his lip as he looked across at the vacant little gardener and thought "who is this nauseatingly ambitious sack of pus? How dare he ask *me*, who had achieved more before I was twenty than this runt will ever produce in his whole leg-fucking life, whether or not I had lived up to my potential?"

When *you're* depressed, sometimes it's helpful to list things about Aled Jones which are worse than *you*, to help you get through the day. More and more people swear by it

Cook then proceeded home and died a few days later- clearly in protest- and why not, frankly. Titchmarsh should be hung as a traitor and parts of him should be sent to the four corners of the kingdom as a warning to others.

I often think about killing myself in protest, but I fear that like Aled, nobody would even care, and the gesture would mean nothing at all. I also fear that with my luck I would be wrong about the mortal sin business, and that in the afterlife all I would hear would be the voice of Titchmarsh on loop, asking Peter Cook if he'd lived up to his potential.

I almost killed myself in protest several times over the last Labour and Conservative conferences. I had to be restrained from pulling out my own guts with a chip fork after seeing Sarah Brown refer to 'my husband, my hero', but equally, I had to force myself not to stab the large artery in my groin with a big knife when the news showed some footage of the Tories latest publicity stunt- a stall at the Conservative conference giving away free pork pies under a banner which read 'Gordon Brown's Porky Pies'.

And while I agree that Brown is both a liar and an incompetent, surely there are more mature ways to illustrate it than with some Toffs eating free pork pies.

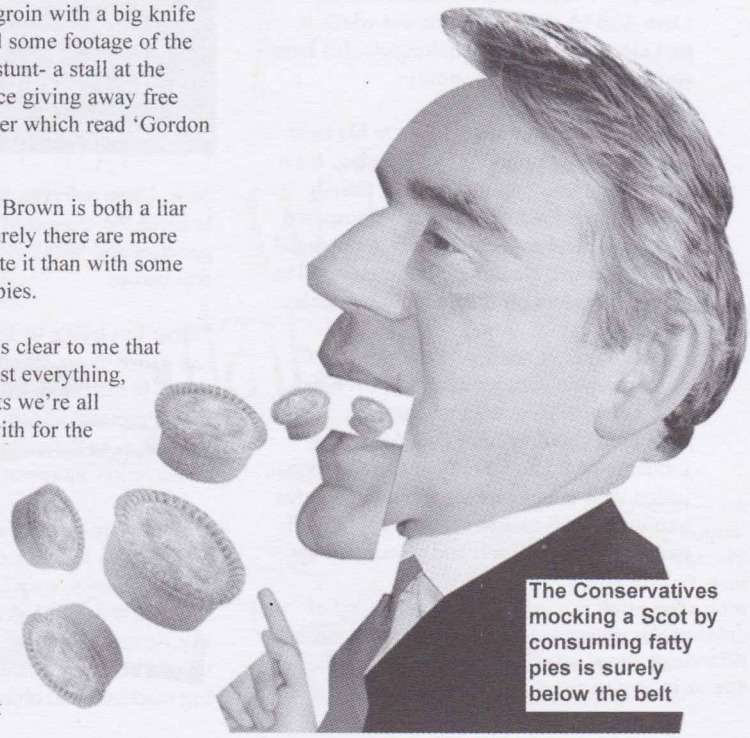
After all, while it seems clear to me that Brown lied about almost everything, not least the budget cuts we're all going to have to live with for the next 20 years because of his disastrous fiscal policies put in place over the last decade, but for my money it also seems pretty clear that the Tories could probably save some much needed funds if they cut out all the free slices of pie themselves.

Call me whatever you like but if T-mobile offered *me* unlimited free text messages for life I'd use them to organise a Khmer Rouge style political coup, in which anyone with a degree in politics would be purged from our society.

After a thought process like that, I'm usually so depressed that I am forced to retreat into a world of fantasy, playing dungeons and dragons style computer games like Magic: The Gathering to numb the acute mental pain. Consequently, I fear I have become a goth, at least in ethos, but I can't even get that right because I'm too fat and have too much colour in my cheeks.

Many goths suffer from this- they want to look pale and devastated, but depression and terrible body image lead to comfort eating, as you can see quite clearly in Robert Smith from The Cure.

This is all hugely disappointing to me- a disappointment on a par with discovering a real magical creature like an elf under a little tree while out walking in the park, and then the elf inviting you to stay for tea from tiny cups made out of acorns, but then discovering that the elf is in fact a racist and having to make polite excuses and leave soon after it says 'I'm not a racist but I don't like Muslims".



The Conservatives mocking a Scot by consuming fatty pies is surely below the belt

Time Waster http://tinyurl.com/yh6vy33 + http://tinyurl.com/ylajjtr - some dude wrote a film studies essay on 2Girls1Cup. Which is also a great timewaster in itself....

should have won.

I mean, I know why I didn't win. I'm not stupid, I hadn't entered. But I wouldn't have won even if I had entered because I write genre fiction, and the "ooh- we're-so-fucking-artistic" panel wouldn't have touched it because they would consider it to be beneath them.

Well, fuck the Booker Prize.

The problem is that I never seem to win any prizes at all, even though I try hard. Furthermore, it strikes me as a huge kick in the nuts that Alan Titchmarsh can win a prize for the worst sex scene (which I also should have won, remember), the point being that at least someone fucking read his bollocking sex scene. In fact, enough people to agree that it was laughably bad and give him an ironic award.

My *mum* hasn't read my book, and even though it's *shit*- at least as shit as Titchmarsh- I get no recognition. Also, my mum has got an Alan Titchmarsh book, which she *has* read.

My *mum* hasn't read my book, and even though it's *shit*- at least as shit as Titchmarsh- I get no recognition. Also, my mum has got an Alan Titchmarsh book, which she *has* read

Take a deep breath and calm down. Think happy thoughts.

At least I'm not Aled Jones.

Why Aled Jones? I hear you ask; he's not so bad- nice hair, looks good in a pastel woollen suit; surely being Aled Jones can't be that bad?

Well, it is.

I'll tell you the reason why, and it's probably not even for any of the reasons you're thinking of.

It's not for the painful episodes of Songs of Praise. It's not even for the song from the Snowman, which apparently he didn't even do anyway. No, the reason is probably best explained in a short anecdote. I was depressed recently and sitting in my pants watching afternoon TV and drinking warm lager when a quiz called 'Pointless' came on, and besides the name being a stunning critique of all afternoon game shows, I found myself too depressed to actually move my hand to the remote and so continued watching.

For those who haven't seen it, the basic idea of the show is to name things on a given subject, then your answer is compared to the answers 100 other people gave and the more obscure your answer, the fewer points it will score. This is a good thing as the person with the least points at the end of the game wins. You follow? No. Ok.

So for example, if the subject was Feature Length Disney Films, you'd score badly on Snow White, because loads of people would have named it, but you'd score fantastically low for late 80's flop The Black Cauldron which almost nobody has ever heard of. A 'pointless' answer as it scores zero.

Anyway, the cruel subject matter for the final round was Current Radio 2 Presenters, and 'Whispering' Bob Harris, a man who at the time I had never heard of, scored 5 out of 100. That is to say 5 out of 100 people, when asked, were able to name 'Whispering' Bob and maybe some of them even admired his work.

Aled Jones, if he saw that programme, would know that the other contestant won the game by naming *him*. Aled apparently presents a Sunday morning Christian show, but out of the 100 people surveyed, *nobody* knew about Aled Jones' show, something I found almost crushingly dismal on his behalf.

Imagine being Aled Jones and knowing that while only 5 people out of 100 knew that Bob Harris had a show on Radio 2, *nobody at all* knew about *your* show, and you claim to have done the famous one from The Snowman and everything.

The real hoof to the fruits would surely be when somebody answered a question on a TV quiz by suggesting, *rightly*, that your show was amongst the most obscure things on Radio 2, and was in fact banking on the fact that nobody would have heard of it in order to win money.

The wretchedness of this situation could only be compounded when the fucker actually won; I'm convinced that Aled would just top himself if he thought anyone would even notice, but he knows deep down that he wouldn't even get as much coverage as a Mark Speight or even Little Britain's ex-husband. Anyway, he has convinced himself that it is a mortal sin.

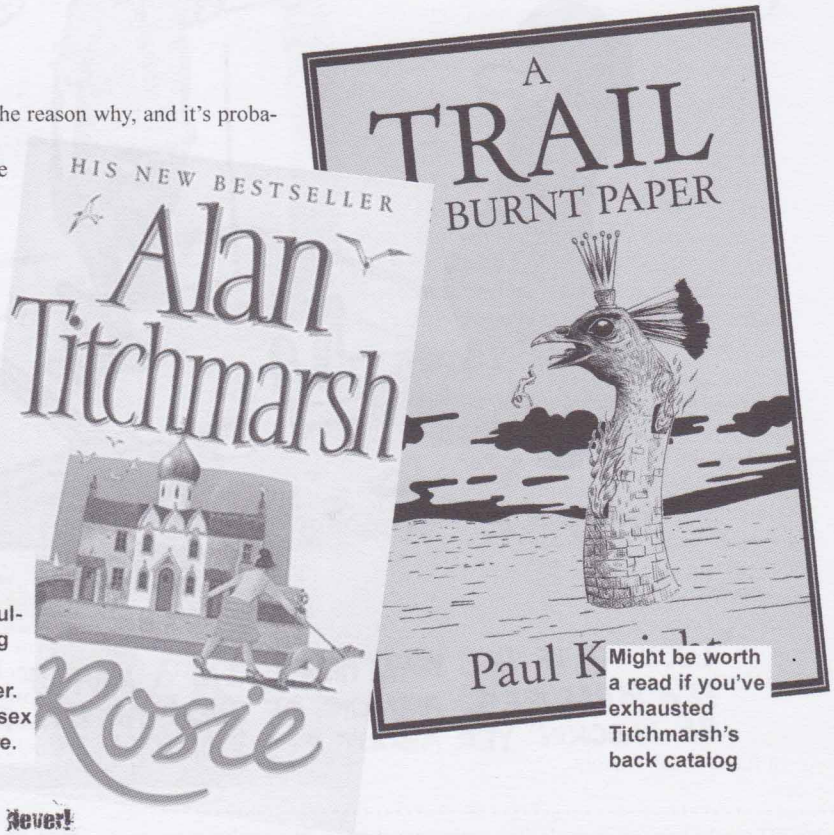
That wouldn't actually stop me if I was Aled Jones- eternity in Hell being tortured by demons pouring hot lead into my anal cavity while reading Alan Titchmarsh novels to me would probably be a fucking picnic compared to waking up for another morning being Aled Jones. Killing myself would be worth it, just to say 'fuck you' to the God who ruined my young life by creating The Snowman. It would be a final punk gesture of defiance- Aled would be like one of those old-school romantic poets and it would be wonderful.

However Jones, due to his religious beliefs will not kill himself, and so must wake each day and rise from his bed knowing that he is cursed by God and that zero out of a hundred people had even heard of his radio show, and then live on with that knowledge for an undetermined number of days until merciful death takes him.

And that is the reason why being Aled Jones is worse than being me.

I feel that I should also point out that 'Whispering' Bob Harris can extrapolate that quiz data out- even though only 5 out of 100 people named him, if you multiply that out over the whole population I'm sure you'll get a pretty large number. Unfortunately, zero multiplied out as many times as you like is still zero, something that Aled Jones knows only too well.

On the plus side, it also means that there were no Christians in the 100 people the TV



A mentally challenged girl finds therapy in horticulture, before being molested by a celebrity gardener. Winner of worst sex scene in literature.

Might be worth a read if you've exhausted Titchmarsh's back catalog

I have recently become chronically dismayed by current events in the news. This all began in April last year with the discovery of a headless dolphin on Norwich's Heartsease Estate- something I rightly took to be an ill omen- and the summer went on through the ministerial expenses scandal, and the Northern idiots voting the BNP into Europe.

I think it is fair to say that last summer, the thing in particular which I have understood least was why Northerners would vote the BNP into Europe. Why would anyone do that? Isn't it ironic for Nick Griffin to be going to Europe for a job by the way? Anyway, I found a Northerner who had voted BNP and I asked her why. This was at a BBQ I ended up at by accident, and the girl in question was a lesbian, believe it or not. I couldn't understand how a lesbian could vote BNP in the first place, so I asked her, and she said she wasn't racist, but she just didn't like the fucking Muslims.

I tried to explain to her that the BNP would gleefully put her to death if they ever came to power, but she didn't want to hear it. This is apparently the crux of the BNP argument, and it seems such a shame, because ideologically at least, BNP Northerners have so much in common with the hard line Muslims- they both want to kill everything that isn't one of them and they both particularly hate women.

I had a little fantasy about all this, and considered writing a comic strip drawing attention to some of the issues. I was going to call it Taliban-dy Capp. The idea would be to take genuine Andy Capp cartoons from the 1950's onward and just draw a burkha on all the women.

Everything else, including all the dialogue, would stay exactly the same as in the original cartoons. In this way, I hoped to unite Christian and Muslim by drawing attention to things they both share. And when Andy Capp knocks out his wife with a carefully aimed shoe, or fires an AK 47 into the air, the two communities would come a little closer together. Just trying to build bridges really...

The fact that I was even having thought processes like that showed that I was burnt out. I needed to relax and get back in touch with myself, and so I decided to go travelling.

What I discovered over the summer was that travelling really does help you find yourself; the real problem for me was that I hadn't even walked all the way to the travel agents before I discovered that I disgust myself, so I gave up and went home to write light and frothy comedy routines to do to rooms full of people who won't listen and don't give a fuck.

It was bad, almost hopeless, but I reflected to myself that whatever happened to me, it would be better than being Aled Jones, and I took comfort.

At least I wasn't Aled Jones.

Where I wondered, does Aled Jones take comfort? Few places indeed... Terry Wogan's house perhaps? No; I imagined that it was most likely to be in knowing that he wasn't Alan Titchmarsh, but then I thought a bit longer and reconsidered, because on reflection, Aled Jones would probably love to be Titchmarsh- anything would be better than his lot.

I couldn't understand how a lesbian could vote BNP in the first place, so I asked her, and she said she wasn't racist, but she just didn't like the fucking Muslims

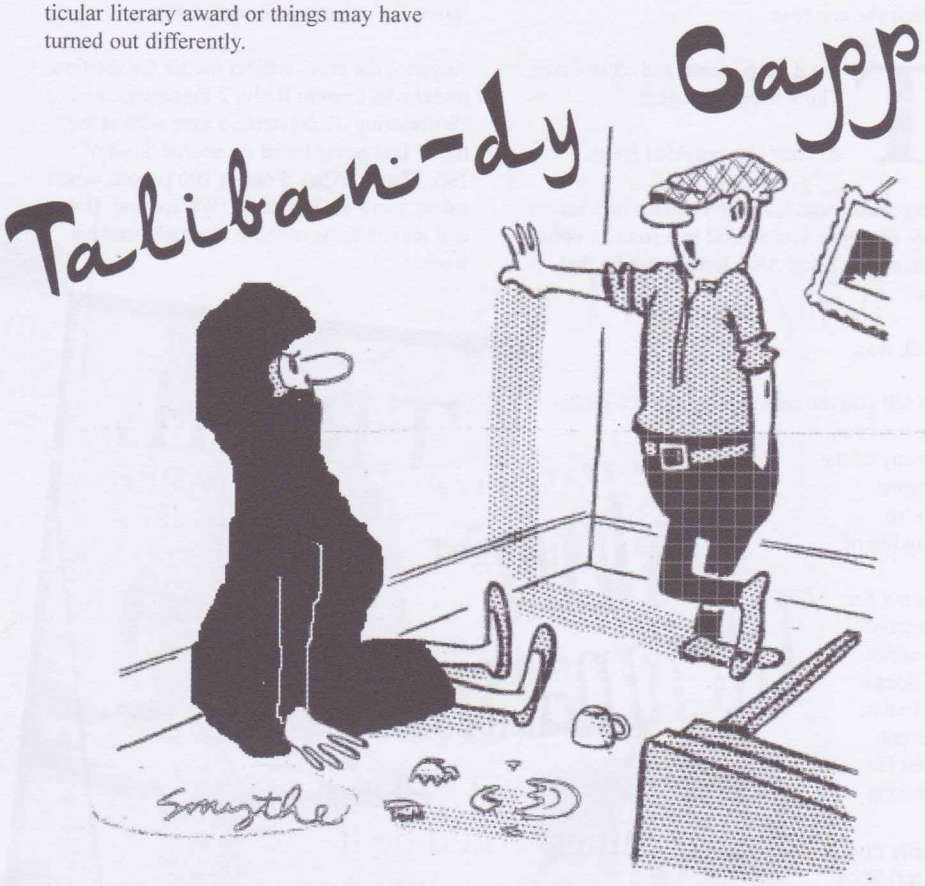
After all, Titchmarsh has several strings to his bow, he's not just about gardening and a horrible simpering interview technique- he writes award winning novels too. Alan Titchmarsh actually won an award for the worst sex scene in any novel published back in the 1990s some time.

Now, while I do not dispute that Alan Titchmarsh would write a terrible sex scene- wooden, functional and loveless, all I am saying is that I was not entered into that particular literary award or things may have turned out differently.

Very few of you will know about my novel; it's called A Trail of Burnt Paper and is available from Forbidden Books. The lack of interest even from my own family has been staggering. Consequently, it was a particular misery watching the Booker Prize ceremony the other day. Hilary Mantel, the winner, seemed confused at best.

Her winning book, another in a long line of 'Booker books' about something historical and lit fiction-ish that nobody will care about has only sold 50,000 copies since it was published. This as opposed to 800,000 in about 3 days for Dan Brown's new masterpiece, and the BBC were commenting that to be a 'Booker' type of book it's practically a required specification for it to sell terribly.

I found myself in shock, shouting 'I've sold less than that you bastards' at the TV, and it is a fact. I have sold more than 49,000 copies less than Mantel- and all I'm saying is that if that is the criteria then by rights, I

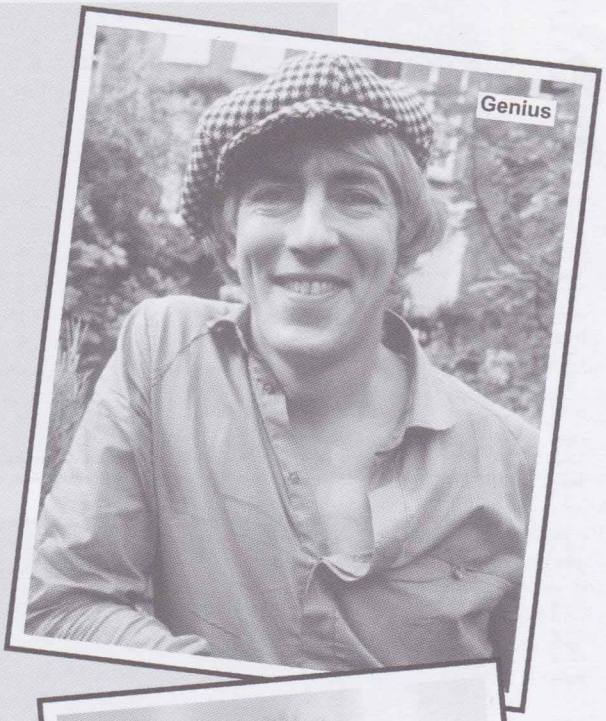


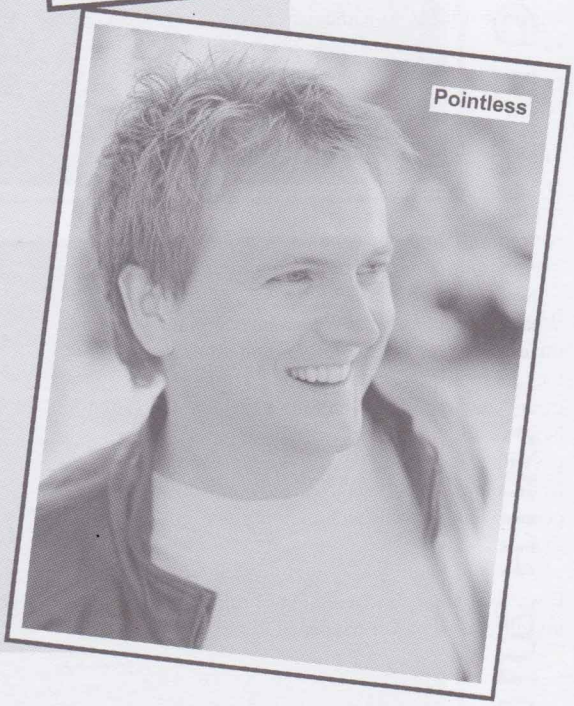
"LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, HONEY, I'M A MAN OF FEW PLEASURES, AND ONE OF THEM 'APPENS TO BE KNOCKIN' YER ABOUT"

Alan Titchmarsh and the Cruel Death of Peter Cook

Or

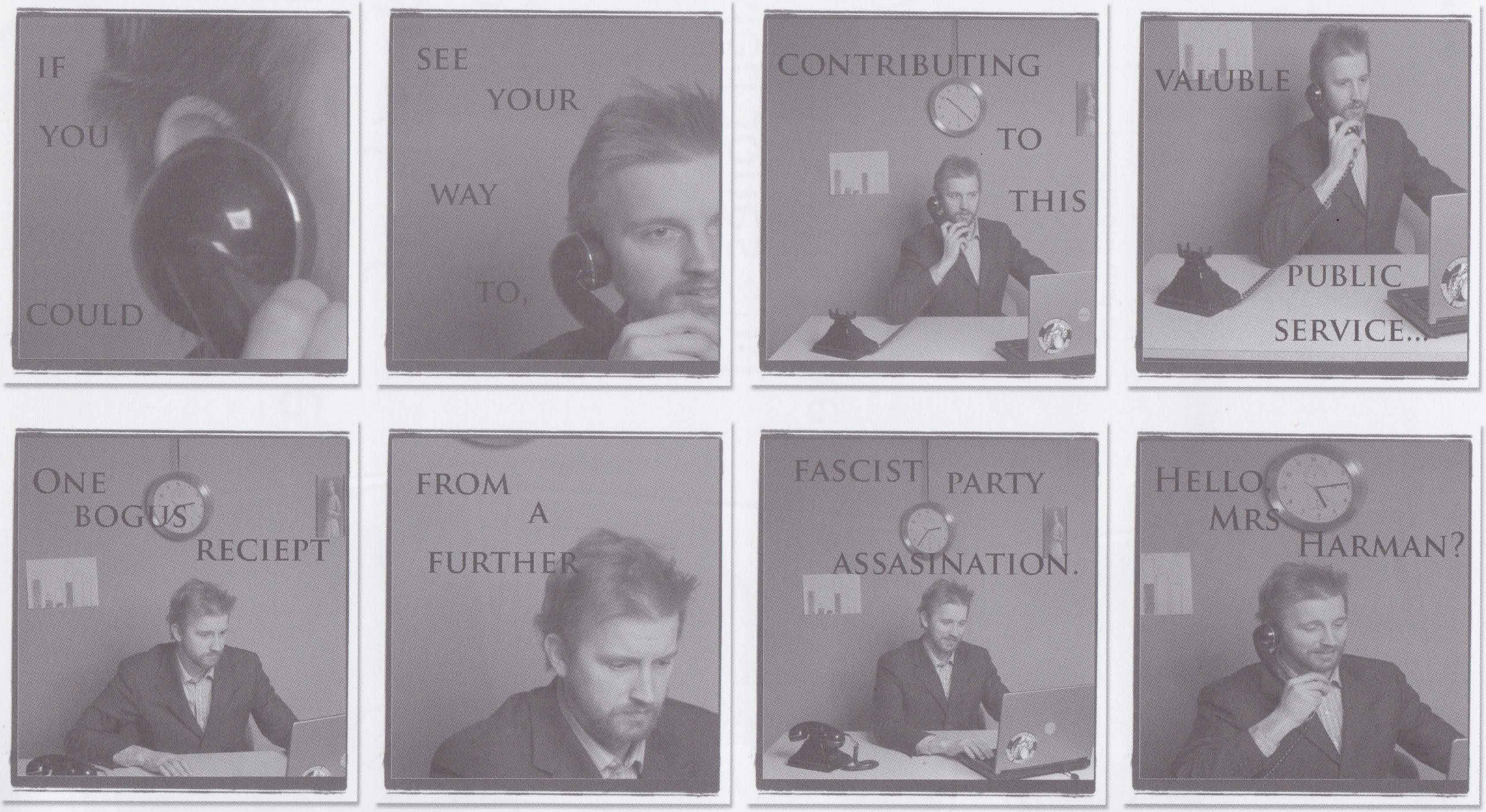
Aled Jones and Learning to Hate Myself Less





Paul Knight points out that as bad as life gets, we should all consider how much worse things would be if we were Aled Jones

DEAD IN THE SCENE



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February 3 2009, which kind of sums up the matter. But then, on February 25, he reported that disaster had struck:

"I have some very sad news. The cult has captured Tina. She had been in the hospital and my wife spoke to her last night at 5pm.

"I received a call this afternoon from two members of the cult with Tina in the background SCREAMING for help, 'Mommy, Daddy, help me.'

"I heard her say she is in St. Louis and she mentioned she was taken by them from the hospital. Then I could hear the leader (whom I have spoken with on the phone) refer to me as a SOB and that I would be next and my times coming. I know from the screams she is being horribly abused and treated!"

Jay later tells us that "The local police department claimed that Tina had reported to them that 'she was held in Dallas against her will'". "A demon could have surfaced within Tina and made the statements to the police", he concludes.

Jay set about working on a plan to rescue Tina - and, presumably, her 200 parts - from the cult. On March 3 he posted a message (with the brilliant title "Jesus has captured Tina!") announcing that his plan was a success. Unfortunately, he neglected to inform us precisely what his plan entailed, aside from the involvement of a "special team of believers".

Tina then began joining Jay on his demonbusting mission. Go to http://tinyurl.com/yzlkq92 to read about their battle with a demon named "Logistics".

Then, on May 20, Jay announced that Tina had been kidnapped and rescued again:

"Elizabeth, my wife, is in the hospital right now visiting Tina who was kidnapped by the cult, yesterday, I'll find out more details later tonight. But we know this:

*She was kidnapped by the sadistic cult
*She was forced to undergo a satanic ritual that involve a ritual killing and drinking of blood
*She was forced to repeat satanic vows
*She was infused with thousands of new demon spirits

"And much much more.

Jay later tells us that "The local police department claimed that Tina had reported to them that 'she was held in Dallas against her will'"

This took place at a nearby heavily wooded park. Their activities were disrupted by the observance of a Dallas Police officer. She escaped and went straight to ER."

"wi preyeng fer her to", said one of the replies. The whole matter descended totally into farce with a post that Jay made on June 22, announcing that Tina had gotten herself kidnapped again.

"I received this morning an email containing this message: DON'T EVER MESS WITH US AGAIN, OUR COVEN AGAIN!!!

"This was sent from Tina's coven that sadly has recaptured her again. They also sent a picture of a couple members of the cult & of Tina, she looked like she had been tortured.

"I have been hesitant to share this for a few reasons, but I believe, we need the Body of Christ to intercede for Tina! Just a few weeks ago, Tina found herself in a different state, in a car that California tags on it, with blood splattered inside (we discovered it was probably from a dog she obtained from the Dallas County Humane Society). A part of Tina gave me information where she was located at but as soon as we got to her location, to rescue her, she had vanished! But we now know she back in her home state with the satanic cult."

Poor old Jay - he has to keep on rescuing the same girl over and over again, like some kind of demonological Super Mario. While in captivity, Tina managed to post occasional update online, telling us that "God is with me I will escape im pretty beat up and i think m c ollar bone is broke im in my bathroom doing this i need prayer. working on a escape" and, later, "i WILL BE HOME SOON I FEEL AN GELS AROUND ME GOOD OMES. IM SO DRUGED UP ITS HARD FOR ME TO RTUPE LOV3E U HUYE IN jeeuesomeone always standing gsurd over me they sy i hsve lsd in my body".

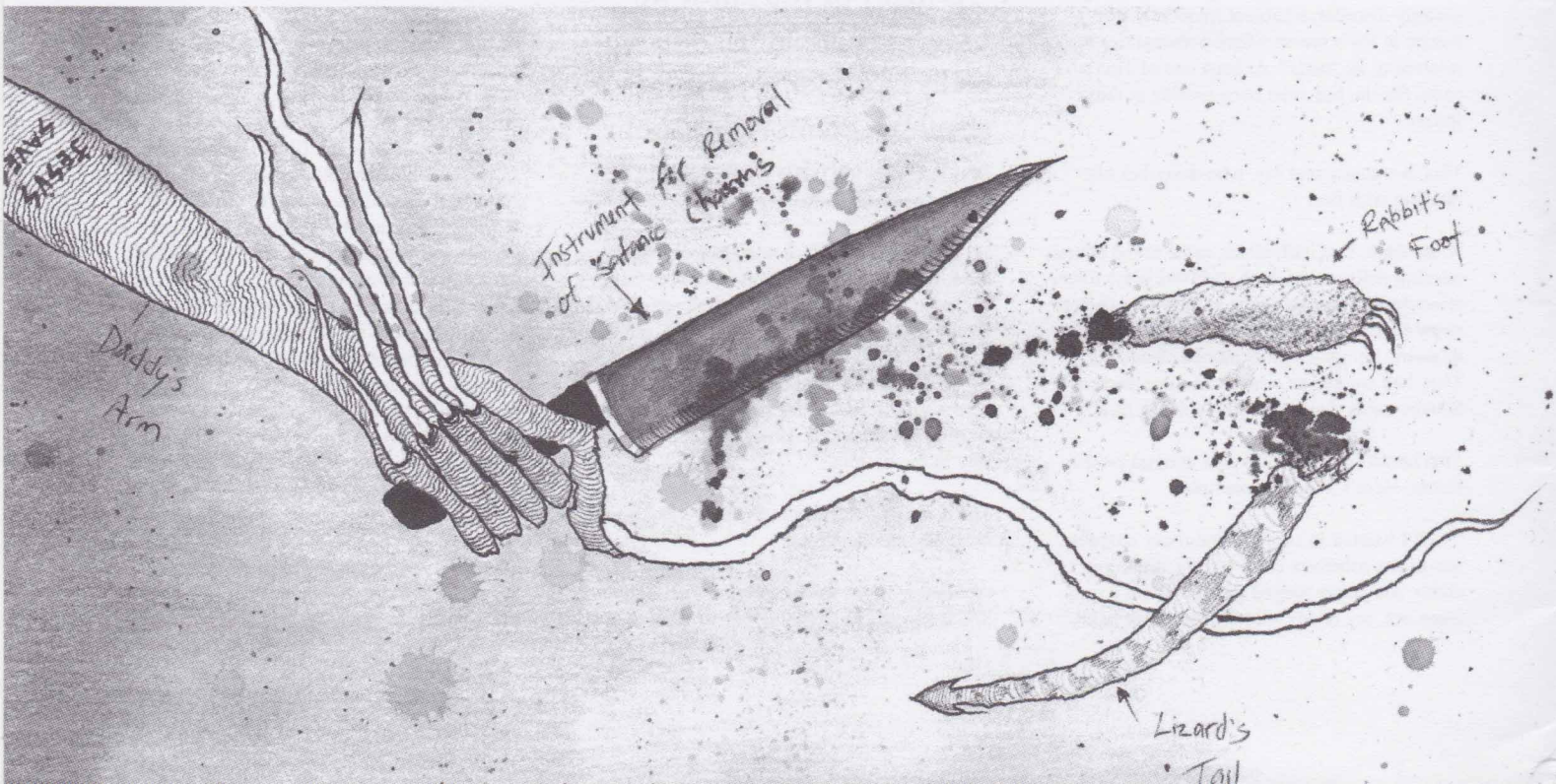
After this, however, her story started to fizzle out. Jay popped back in August to tell us that "the cult continues to torment her" and that "She has been moved to different locations and is back and forth trying to make it difficult to locate her". Prayer requests were still being posted as late as September 22:

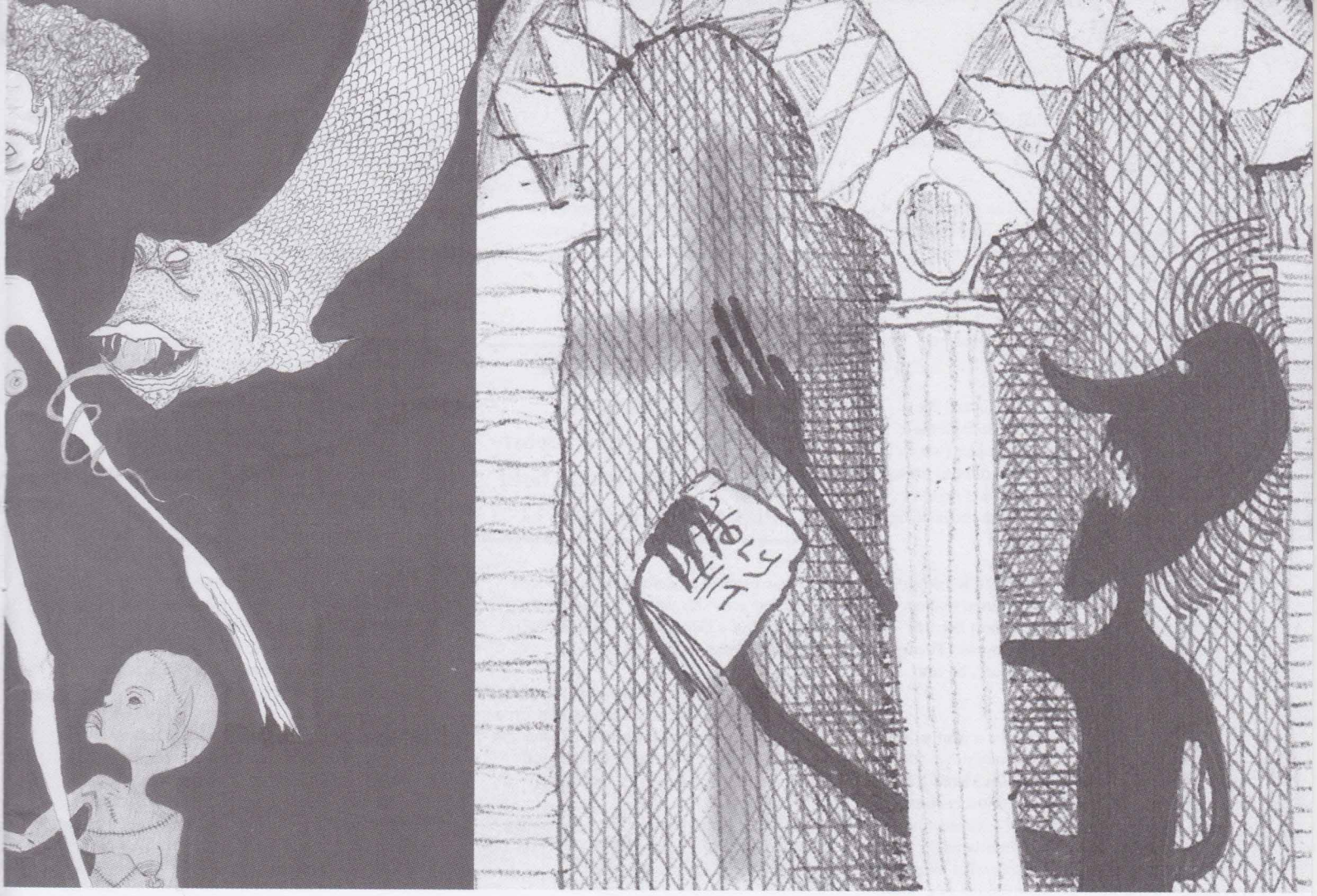
"I know everyone remembers Tina, I just ask that everyone pray for her freedom. Please pray for her now as you read this. She is so much in love with Jesus. Could you amagine living the life she is forced to be in. Could amagine living with satanist and longing to be with people that love you the most."

And then, in October, Tina returned to the forum to make her last post to date (http://tinyurl.com/yhgx2fe), reading simply "Hi every one".

So, what happened to her? Was she rescued? Was she posting from captivity again? Was the post made by another demon surfacing within her?

Ah, the mysteries of the internet.





demons are working hard to make sure this does not happen. As a result, she is growing very weary."

The forum did indeed pray for her, making some extremely dodgy comments such as "Father we pray for Tina and we pray that your hand will be upon her".

Tina clearly has problems, and I'm not talking about the fact that she's swallowing all of this. She appears to have some kind of multiple personality disorder, a subject frequently discussed at Jay's forum where personalities are referred to as "parts". At least one of Tina's parts, Shiela, has even been posting at the forum.

Tina eventually met Jay, who describes his meeting with her:

"Last night, two individuals came to the church needing deliverance, both received some liberation. In fact, the one lady, named Tina (whom many of you know), was freed from over two thousand demonic spirits named 'Jezebeth.' They had entered as a result of some ancient Satanic oaths that were uttered in the past."

Tina herself continued to post updates on the forum. Here's a typical example:

"Well I wanted to come in and make a update, two of the monsters came out the night my daddy and james prayed and the rabbit's foot came out. my daddy said leys see your hand, and he prayed and u could actully see my hand turning red and We could feel it, the lizard tail as well came out."

Despite being completely incoherent, this post was met with such responses as "My heart is full of sunshine to hear that you are doing good" and "Im so happy I cud fly". Jay himself popped in to tell us that "YOU should see how she looks—she is shining with the light of Jesus all over her face!!!"

> "As many of you know we have Tina in hiding. She is literally in a 'hiding place,' a small but comfortable room with everything she needs"

If this wasn't enough, it was later claimed by the forum staff that Tina was in danger from the satanic cult that her family belongs to. As the forum staff member "nautical999" put it:

"Yesterday was a hard day for Tina Her family who is still in the occult attacked her yesterday causing some serious damage resulting in a stay in the hospital."

The same day, the dashingly heroic Jay Bartlett also reassured his flock:

"As many of you know we have Tina in hiding. She is literally in a 'hiding place,' a small but very comfortable room with everything she needs, in a very hidden place in Dallas. The sadistic cult, she has escaped from, is now after her with a venegence. They had their local 'police department' call me to find her whereabouts. I declined to give any information for I have reason to believe this wasn't truly the 'police department.' If this is so, then this is a issue as they are impersonating an law enforcement official which is a crime. But they could careless as they will use any & all means to obtain information in an attempt to kidnap her."

Over the next few days Jay continued to post updates on Tina's situation ("she HEARD Holy Angels sing beautiful music, got to SEE the Holy Angels, broke some strongholds/satanic oaths, and my wife and I just expelled 72 evil spirits named 'Cannan' from her in the name of Jesus"), and of course, new developments regarding her parts ("We even got to meet a little part who was only four or five... The little parts asked that my wife and I would be their mommy and daddy and we said we would be happy to"), and Tina herself weighed in as well ("ya know God comes on the seen cause like im scared becaus I hear the monsters, so I was like noooooooooooooo u not getting my sister no man not happening, so she was trying to jump out of the car, and my daddy just bleeded the blood told me to put my dagger on the door").

"Hundreds of evil spirits have been expelled and 200 parts have been identified", said Jay on

JAY BARTLETT VS. THE SADISTIC CULT

Illustrated by Renato Stumpo

The Battle for Tina's Parts

Neil The Art Student explores the fascinating but disturbing world of modern day exorcism in America

In the last issue I briefly touched upon Jay Bartlett, owner of MinisteringDeliverance.com. For those of you who missed out, Jay is a religious nut who thinks that he can cast out demons.

Well, turns out that Jay's even kookier that I thought: he claims that he and his followers are battling a string of sadistic cults.

Here's Jay's lengthy description of one woman who had escaped from just such a sadistic cult:

"1. The sadistic cult has followed her with the aid of the detection devices within her body and thereby terrorizes her. They possess unlimited resources so they are able to travel wherever she lives.
2. The sadistic cult has placed literal animals, detection devices, and other cursed objects in her body.
3. The sadistic cult has broken into the church and cursed several of the rooms.
4. The sadistic cult has visited my home in an attempt to terrorize me, to deter me (they failed).
5. The sadistic cult has infiltrated, via the aid of demonic forces, the church.
6. The sadistic cult astral projects to the young lady on a constant basis to rape, to torment, and physically afflict.
7. The sadistic cult has kidnapped her and forced her to participate in blood rituals in cult meetings.
8. The sadistic cult utilizes her, via her dissociation, for drug deals (the cult has a part in a drug cartel also).
9. The sadistic cult has severely programmed her mind and infused her with occult knowledge from her years of special training in an underground training school on the East Coast.
10. The sadistic cult has involved her in the most heinous activities known to mankind.
11. We have encountered hundreds of thousands of evil spirits and many have been expelled.
12. We have encountered numerous broken parts and many have received miraculous healing (from muteness, deafness, etc).
13. The sadistic cult has created coded personalities that contain information about criminal activities of the drug cartel.
14. The sadistic cult is providing constant surveillance.
15. The sadistic cult has literally taken the core person and locked her up."

Another sadistic cult victim to have fallen into Jay's hands is Tina. Tina has been known by several names at Bartlett's forum, including "ziggers" and "homebound". Here's her first post at the board:

"Hi, Im new to this site, my name is Tina im from missouri, 44 years old and is married. I just Got out of rehab clean now for 31 days. nice to meet ya guys."

In a later post she tells us that "I know what its like to have visits of demons to levitate to astroplane". Meanwhile, someone named "pinetree" tells us that Tina went to visit Jay to be exorcised:

"She will be traveling to Texas next Thursday to meet with Jay for her deliverance. Her

Atheists Unite

You have nothing to lose but oppression and absurdity

Ann Arch highlights a few campaigns for those in need of a fresh breath of secularism in their life

Nothing like a bit of proactive campaigning...

Anyone in London from January 2009 would have seen one of the bus adverts from the Atheist Bus Campaign which read "There's probably no God. Now stop worrying and enjoy your life". Since then the campaign has been involved in producing a book called The Atheist's Guide To Christmas – it's the first Atheist charity book of its kind and features many well know atheists who donated their time for free. Find out more at http://www.atheistcampaign.org/

You've got a friend in me

Affiliated to the BRITISH HUMANIST ASSOCIATION

Fancy joining a group of like-minded people? Then try the British Humanist Society. This is a national charity which was set up to support and represent people who seek to live good lives without religious or superstitious beliefs. Most of their members are atheists and agnostics – aka people who make sense of the world using reason, experience and shared human values. They believe that we are responsible for own actions and believe that ethics should be based on trying to achieve human welfare, happiness and fulfilment. They are generally optimistic people who want to create meaning and purpose for themselves, individually and together. Find out more at http://www.humanism.org.uk

national secular society

Too much God and too little sense?

The National Secular Society is working to separate the church and state. Recent campaigns have involved trying to get bishops out of the House of Lords and fighting against faith schools. They are interested in getting religion out of all public spheres, go to their website to find out more about them. http://www.secularism.org.uk

Reading is fun

There are lots of publications you might want to check out. One of my favourites is of course Richard Dawkins' wonderful book The God Delusion. He also has a useful website: http://richard-dawkins.net with links to atheists and agnostics all over the world.

Time Waster www.artificialowl.net - abandoned man-made creations; ghost towns, aircraft graveyards, deserted mines and the like....spooky.

EDITORIAL

If you're reading this before the General Election, don't bother voting - it'll make little difference. If you're reading this after the General Election, see, I told you so.

Actually, if you vote or not is not really the pertinent issue, it's recognising that a tick on a ballot once every five years is selling you short in terms of democracy. It seems that more and more people are cluing onto this. Election turnout has been decreasing for decades. It will be convenient for some to label this as apathy, however it is more likely down to disilluisionment in a failed system and the unused ballots represent the silent cries of millions of people fed up with not being heard.

Anarchists, and the left in general, need to pick up our game. With the massive void we've failed to fill, some of the disaffected people who should be our natural support base are supporting the BNP in a misguided belief they represent working class interests. Tragically, you can even see why people may have done so. They have done a fair bit of grass roots community work and have been partially successful in re-inventing themselves as less alienating. Perhaps these are lessons we can learn. Or perhaps not.

Tug Wilson

Editor

Regular Contributors

Ann Arch
Potted history and liberal musings.

Hairy Jim
Erstwhile esteemed Daily Mail journalist, now scrapes a living writing for Now or Never! and the Daily Star.

Harry K
Cheese rolling and wicker owl expert. Distribution and web wizardry.

Mike
Artwork. artboy@blueyonder.co.uk.

Nellie
Possible future Now or Never! matriarch. Defending anarchist values amidst a hegemony of schoolboy tomfoolery.

Gwen Stanley
Environment, rural affairs and land rights correspondent.

Rob Cross
Ageing environmental activist punk, stuck in a 1977 time warp.

Rick
The reason anger management and AA meetings were invented.

Paul Knight
Aesthete, gourmet and accredited discordian priest, purveyor of performance art wank.

Pilsbury
Fond of feeling up the dead.

Youth Section
Bungalow bitch. www.youthsection.org.

Tug Wilson
Editor. The Devil wears pewter. editor@nowornever.org.uk

Scumbalina
Sub Editor, graphics design, plagiarist and space filler.

BSD
A medium sized edible sea snail.

Renato Stumpo
Artwork. estranged18@aol.com

Neil The Art Student
Some kind of transsexual cartoonist.

Deb Shuttleworth
Eater of pixels. nocompromisephotography@yahoo.com.

Now or Never!

PO Box 487,
Thorpe Road Mail Centre,
Norwich, NR5 8WE.
07528 655941.
enquiries@nowornever.org.uk
www.nowornever.org.uk
www.myspace.com/
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We welcome articles on any subject, up to 2,000 words in length. You don't have to be the best writer in the world - we're mostly interested in what you have to say.

We'd also like work from artists/photographers. Please get in touch if you're interested in contributing.

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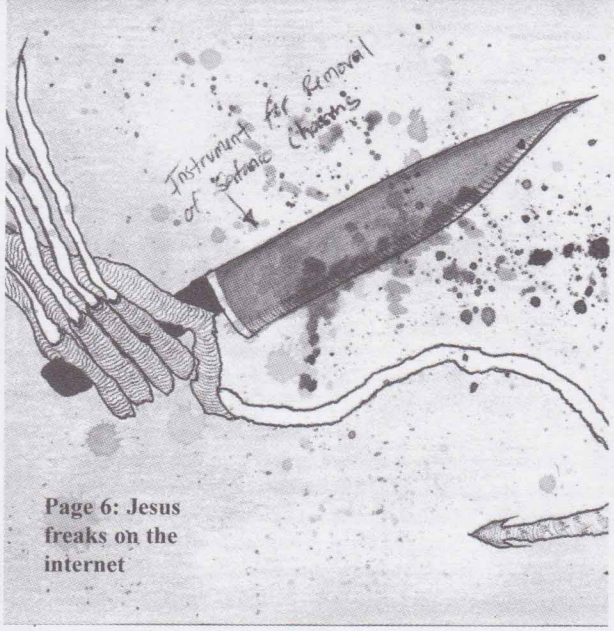

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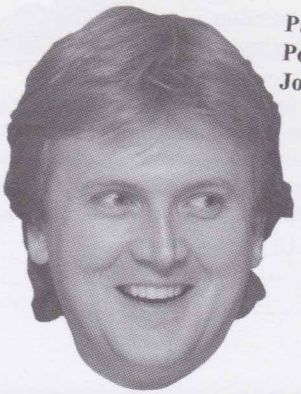

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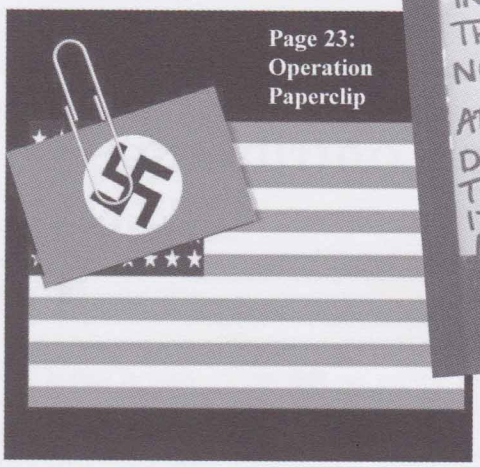

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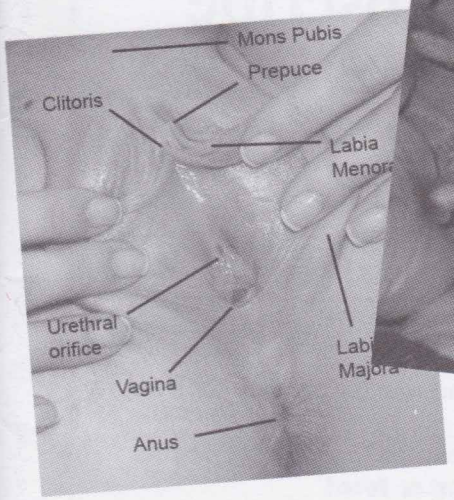

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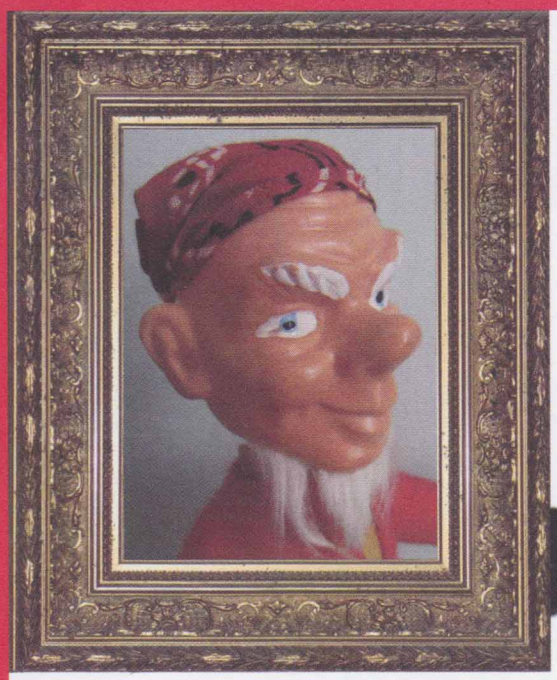

Gary Glitter's ANARCHIST HEROES

#4 Durutti

1. The Early Years

When Durutti grew up everyone in Spain was in anarchist unions.

At 21 he worked with a spanner and joined his work place strike, the government sent in troops who shot 70 strikers dead.

2. The Formative Years

Durutti fled Spain and set up a group called the Doritos, assassinating the people responsible for killing anarchists and workers.

In this time Durutti robbed banks, supported strikes and famously had sex with a goat.

3. The Fighting Years

In 1936 General Franco, the Church and Salvador Dali staged a coup. As the socialist Government faffed about, Durutti formed the international Iron Column brigade with George Orwell, who wrote some books.

This anarchist army worked without generals and spread free love and bread.

4. The Dead Years

Durutti defended Barcelona but was killed helping Picasso defend Madrid.

Half a million people came to his funeral. Following this the socialists turned on the anarchists, killing them in a telephone battle, allowing Franco to impose his Catholic dictatorship.

Words & Pictures: Harry K

Fighting Molotov and Half-Brick...

Now or Never

Issue 17

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